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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

## REVIEWS

*The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.* Edited by Robert Carruthers. 2 vols. Vol. I. New Edition, revised. (Bohn.)

TAKING Mr. Carruthers's first volume of 'Pope's Poetical Works'—which is tolerably well edited, as Pope editions go—as our point of departure, we propose to add two or three facts to the current knowledge of Pope. We shall endeavour to show from original papers, and from a review of the patent Pope facts, and the patent Pope mystifications,—first, that the famous ode of 'The Dying Christian' was not a sudden inspiration, as asserted by all the biographers;—secondly, that Pope was not the author of that other version of Adrian: 'Ah, fleeting spirit,' included in every collection of his works, from Warburton to Carruthers;—and, thirdly, that Pope was not the author of the "Dr. Norris 'Narrative,'"—a paper of the utmost consequence for a fair understanding of that intricate mystery—the Pope and Addison quarrel.

Mr. Carruthers told us heretofore that Pope, when he spoke of his contributions to the *Spectator*, "must refer to the poems of the 'Messiah' and 'Dying Christian,' which were originally published in that work." Mr. Carruthers is now better informed; he now knows that 'The Dying Christian' did not appear in the *Spectator*,—and therefore the "revised" tells us that Pope "must refer to the poem of the 'Messiah' and the version of Adrian's *Animula vagula*." The "revised" should have said the "prose version"; for it may puzzle simple readers to find two versions in the volume before them—'The Dying Christian' and 'Ah, fleeting Spirit'—neither of which appeared in the *Spectator*,—and we will add, neither of which, though they appear in all editions from Warburton to Carruthers, was ever published by Pope. One of these we have reason to believe—and we have Pope's warrant for it—was not written by him. Respecting 'The Dying Christian,' Mr. Carruthers has become not only better informed, but a little sceptical as to its history. He now tells us:—

"This exquisite little Ode appears in the small edition of Pope's Works, 1736. It is not in the quartos of 1717 and 1735. Yet, if we may credit the printed correspondence, it was written as early as 1712, or shortly afterwards. Warburton publishes two letters not given by Pope in his genuine edit. of the correspondence, 1737. The first is from Steele, dated December 4, 1712, requesting the poet to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit, that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula*, put into two or three stanzas for music. Pope's reply, enclosing the Ode, is without date. He says: 'I do not send you word I will do, but I have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it (as Cowley calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you will see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho.' We suspect these two letters form part of the fabricated correspondence. Had the piece been written in 1712, Steele would have published it in the *Spectator* or *Guardian*, and Pope would have included it in the collected Works of 1717."

According to Spence, in whom we have no blind confidence, Pope said that he wrote the Ode at the request of Steele, and if we put faith in the published letters, the fact is beyond question. For once, Mr. Carruthers has a doubt—questions whether the letters be genuine; and, therefore, whether Pope did write 'The Dying Christian' in the off-hand fashion

of the letters and did send it to Steele, "warm from the brain," in December 1712. Yet his scepticism, in this instance, though good as to the fact, is founded on false premises. Steele's letter and Pope's reply, inclosing the ode, "warm from the brain," he tells us, or leads us to infer, were first published by Warburton, and therefore long after Pope's death,—which, if true, would complicate the question; for Warburton could have no motive for misleading the public. It is not true. They were published in Roberts's edition, 1737,—an edition which contained all the letters that Pope desired to have published, yet did not choose to be responsible for. Dryden, according to the current story, told Bolingbroke that having been requested to write an Ode for Music,—“I have,” said the old Bard, “been up all night, and here it is finished at one sitting.” Lumbering labour, says the public! Why, here is the youngster Pope, no sooner asked a like favour than the thing is done—struck off at a heat, between up-rising and breakfast! For this Dryden-story Pope is the authority. It was, we believe, first published by Warton, who heard it from Berenger, who heard it from West, who was told it by Pope. Enough that it was known to Pope.

Pope's letters, be it remembered, were professedly first published surreptitiously. The copies had, it was hinted, been stolen; the publication of them was denounced as an outrage sufficient "to alarm every person in the nation." Yet there remains no doubt on the mind of any one who has looked carefully into the subject that Pope himself furnished the copy,—or rather the printed copies. Then followed other piratical editions—but a prosecution being threatened, Pope was obliged to admit privately to his counsel that he had "connived at" those publications.

In 1737 was published what is called Pope's own edition in 4to., from the responsibility of which, however, Pope had left a loophole for escape, as all will find who read the Preface attentively. Other professedly surreptitious editions followed, in which, however, some new and curious letters creep out, without note or warning, and amongst them these letters:—from Steele, 4th December, 1712, asking for the Ode, and Pope's answer inclosing it, "warm from the brain." How can Pope be made responsible for such publication? These letters do not appear either in the 4to. of 1737 or of 1741. He did not even publish the Ode in the collected edition of his works. Steele, in 1712, we are to believe, had asked especially for it, that he might have it set to music; but so far as we know he did not have it set to music,—nay, though according to dates it may have been received just in time, to add a grace to the closing number of the *Spectator*, and might certainly have appeared in the *Guardian*, Steele did not publish it. In fact, like the letters, it crept into daylight in a little 12mo. edition, published by Lintot in 1736; which edition appeared as a mere reprint of Lintot's old copyright poems. Pope, therefore, is not responsible for either letters or Ode; although no one, we suppose, can doubt that the Ode was written by Pope; and, as we shall show, he privately acknowledged it. Of course, both letters and Ode were stumbled on by Warburton, and have ever since been published amongst Pope's works and letters.

There is a circumstance not known to the biographers which in itself is presumptive evidence that the Ode had not been either set to music or made public so late as June 1713; for in either case Caryll, to whom the following letters were addressed, must have heard of it,—presumptive evidence for the same reason that

the Ode had not been sent to Steele, for Caryll was a friend of Steele's, as well as of Pope's. On the 12th of June 1713, Pope wrote to Caryll and inclosed three versions of the *Adriani morientis ad Animam*, and he says:—

"I desire your opinion of these verses, and which are best written. They are of three different hands."

The last of the three, headed *Christiani morientis ad Animam*, Caryll appears to have preferred, and Pope replies on June 23:—

"Your judgement on the three copies of verse I sent you is what you need not doubt I think good, because the last of them was my own."

Considering that this beautiful Ode has been for more than a century the admiration of everybody,—a sort of inspired thing, struck off at a moment, in 1712,—it may be interesting to compare the copy sent to Caryll in June 1713 with the "warm from the brain" copy, which is assumed to have been written in 1712, which was first published in 1736, and which has continued "warm from the brain" from that hour to the present.—

June, 1713. CHRISTIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM.	1736. THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL. Ode.
1.	1.
Vital spark of heavenly flame!	Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Dost thou quit this mortal frame?	Quit, oh quit this mortal frame?
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;	Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!	Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,	Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life.	And let me languish into life.
2.	2.
My swimming eyes are sick of light,	Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
The less'ning world forsakes my sight,	Sister spirit, come away!
A damp creeps cold o'er every part,	What is this absorbs me quite?
Nor moves my pulse, nor heaves my heart,	Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
The hovering soul is on the wing;	Drowns my spirits, draws my breath!
Where, mighty Death! oh where's thy sting?	Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?
3.	3.
I hear around soft music play,	The world recedes; it disappears!
And angels beckon me away!	Heav'n opens on my eyes!
Calm as forgiven hermits rest,	With sounds seraphic ring:
I'll sleep, or infants at the breast;	Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
Till the last trumpet rends the ground;	O Grave! where is thy Victory?
Then wake with pleasure at the sound.	O Death! where is thy Sting?

It is strange that Mr. Carruthers and all the editors of Pope have overlooked the fact, that the copy of the Ode of 1713 was published in Lewis's *Miscellany* in 1730, but without the name of the writer. Lewis was, at least, an acquaintance of Pope's,—dedicated to Pope his tragedy of 'Philip of Macedon,' and acknowledged obligations to him. It is more than probable, therefore, that Pope himself gave Lewis this copy of the Ode, with other pieces, to help him "make up a show"; and if so, then the "warm from the brain" copy was carefully re-written after 1730.

We come now to our second point—the version of Adrian's verses, beginning "Ah! fleeting spirit," on which Mr. Carruthers thus comments:—

"In the *Spectator*, November 10, 1712, is a communication from Pope containing a prose translation of Adrian's verses, with some critical remarks. He republished this communication in his *Letters* 1735, adding the above metrical translation, but he omitted the lines when reprinting the *Letters* in 1737."

—There is no doubt as to the general accuracy of this statement; and yet some explanation is required before the reader, or even Mr. Car-

ruthers himself, will understand the whole truth.

We have no more doubt than Mr. Carruthers, and have said so, that Pope furnished the copy for, or rather delivered to Curll and other booksellers printed copies of the edition of his *Letters* published in 1735; but his contemporaries did not know that; they were indignant at the wrongs which Pope had suffered from Curll and others. Pope denounced the edition, and certainly, in public opinion, he was not responsible for a single line in the volume.

Mr. Carruthers is not quite correct in stating that this metrical version was in the surreptitious edition of 1735 added to the prose translation. In all questions which affect Pope's conduct we must speak by the card and be scrupulously exact. We submit, therefore, that the metrical version is not added to, but follows the letter. There is no one word helping to link them together—they are simply not separated; and we are told in "The Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published" that in the books from which we are led to infer that these letters had been copied, Pope had inserted "some small pieces in verse and prose, either of his own or his correspondents." It is obvious, therefore, that mere publication in the editions of 1735 is no proof that the metrical translation was by Pope: it may have been by one of "his correspondents"—by anybody. There is, indeed, strong presumptive evidence that it was not by Pope. Pope republished the letter to the *Spectator* with the prose translation in the quarto of 1737, but he omitted this metrical version,—a fact which ought to have awakened suspicion. Then, again, Mr. Carruthers does not seem to be aware that this metrical version had appeared before the publication of the *Letters* in 1735—had also appeared in Lewis's *Miscellany*, 1730, but without the name of the writer.

We shall now adduce a circumstance, not known to the biographers, which will, we think, go far to determine the question of authorship, even if it be not considered conclusive. In the letter to Caryll of the 12th of June, 1713, as we have before shown, Pope sent three versions by "three different hands," and in his letter of the 23rd he claimed "the last," "The Dying Christian," as his own. Now the first was Prior's version, and the second was "Ah, fleeting spirit." Here then is a virtual declaration by Pope that the "Ah, fleeting spirit" was by a "different hand,"—was not his own; and Mr. Carruthers will now see the significance of our minute proof that Pope never claimed it, never appropriated it, never published it amongst his works,—nay, positively rejected it when he found it so published, that is, added to or following his prose translation.

With the exception of the letters to Caryll, these facts ought to have been known to all the biographers; yet, so far as we know, they have never been alluded to by any one of them. Whether these Steele letters be genuine or not, is of some consequence in considering that perplexing question, the quarrel between Addison and Pope. The biographers seem never forewarned unless they are forewarned,—never to consider that the only account we have of the quarrel is Pope's own,—or rather, as in the history of the "Ah, fleeting spirit," not a direct statement by Pope, but a story which the ingenious weave for themselves, by inference and from circumstances and letters, for the truth of which no man is warrant. The biographers might reply, and perhaps with equal justice, that we are too critical, too sceptical; and we acknowledge that we have seen others, and been ourselves, so often mystified and misled that we are suspi-

cious in all questions relating to Pope where the evidence is merely inferential.

The very starting-point of the correspondence between Pope and Addison, Mr. Carruthers has, in our opinion, misread; and we rejoice in the opportunity of redeeming the character of the poet, so far as it might be affected by the charge. Mr. Carruthers tells us that when the notice of the 'Essay on Criticism' appeared in the *Spectator*, Pope addressed a letter full of gratitude to Addison—the letter which Miss Aikin found amongst the Tickell MSS., and published in 1843—in which he expressed an eager desire "to cultivate the friendship of Addison"; and Mr. Carruthers adds:—

"The quick eye of Pope had at once recognized the hand of Addison in the *Spectator*, and he wrote to him, as we have seen, the day after he perused the criticism. The same shrewdness, however, suggested that Steele might wish to be considered the author, and he then penned a second letter of acknowledgment."

The existence of this "second letter"—the letter to Steele—is mere inference from Steele's answer of January 20, 1711. It is strange that Mr. Carruthers did not observe that what he calls Pope's letter to Addison was addressed to one with whom Pope had some personal acquaintance.—

"I almost hope [he says] 'twas some particular inclination to the author which carried you so far. This would please me more than I can express, for I should in good earnest be fonder of your friendship than the world's applause."

Now at that time Addison was not known, even in the most distant manner, to Pope. Steele does not even name Addison as the writer, but says "it was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make you for your favour."

Mr. Carruthers's theory is founded on error. Miss Aikin found the letter amongst the Tickell papers, came hastily to the conclusion that it had been addressed to Addison, and published it as if addressed "To Mr. Addison."

We felt certain that this was the letter sent to Steele, to which Steele's was a reply, and which Steele had probably handed over to Addison as the grateful expression of the feelings of the young poet, and as an easy and pleasant way of leading to the promised introduction. So confident did we feel that no such address would be found on it, or that if so addressed, the address would not be in the handwriting of the poet, that we got a friend, residing in Dublin, to call on the present representative of the Tickell family and request him to determine the fact. Mr. Tickell obligingly referred to the letter, and the result was, as we anticipated, that it has "no address."

A few incidental passages in Pope's letters to Caryll may throw a light on the origin of the acquaintance between Pope and Steele and Addison. Steele was, we suspect, an acquaintance of Caryll's long before he was known to Pope. When, in 1696, Secretary Lord Caryll was outlawed, his estate, and the life interest in the entailed estates, were granted by King William to Lord Cutts. Luttrell notes, on Saturday, the 23rd of May, 1696—

"On Monday, the Lord Cutts goes to take possession of Mr. Caryll's estate in Sussex (Secretary to the late Queen), which His Majesty permitted him to enjoy, tho' beyond sea, 'till 'twas discovered he gave Sir George Barclay 800 to buy horses, arms, &c. to assassinate him, &c."

In May, 1696, John Caryll, the nephew, and subsequently Pope's friend, was in Horsham Gaol, apprehended on suspicion. So soon as liberated, he entered into a negotiation with Cutts for the purchase of his uncle's life-interest,—eventually purchased it, and took

possession in May, 1697, as appears pleasantly by his accounts.—

"Given y<sup>e</sup> Ringers att Hasting, upon y<sup>e</sup> composition with Lord C., 17. 2s."

At that very time Steele was acting as Secretary to Lord Cutts; and it is probable, therefore, that he was thus brought into close personal communication with John Caryll.

Pope passed the Christmas of 1710 with Caryll, who then read the 'Essay on Criticism' in MS., made some objections to a passage afterwards selected for especial condemnation by Dennis, and which Pope said in a subsequent letter "had been mended but for the haste of the press." On the 18th of June, 1711, Pope wrote "I've not yet had the honour of a letter from Mr. Steele," leading to the inference that Caryll had mentioned to him that he might expect to receive some communication. On the 26th of July, as we know, Steele wrote to Pope, requesting him, if at leisure, "to help Mr. Clayton, that is me, to some words for music against winter." Pope, in an unpublished letter to Caryll of the 2nd of August mentions this.—

"I have two letters from Mr. Steele, the subject of which is to persuade me to write a musical interlude to be set next winter by Clayton, whose interest he espouses with great zeal. The expression is Pray oblige Mr. Clayton, that is me, so far as, &c. The desire I have to gratify Mr. Steele has made me consent to his request; tho' 'tis a task that otherwise I'm not very fond of."

In another letter without date, but as it contains the epitaph on Lord Caryll, who died the 4th of September, 1711, we may assume to have been written in the autumn of that year, there is an obscure paragraph which the biographers must interpret:—

"What application that was which was made to Mr. Steele on my account I can't imagine, unless it was made from yourself; for, indeed, I know no other friend who would have been so generous for my sake; and I know nothing you would not attempt to oblige those you once profess a friendship to."

Our own impression is that a request had been made to Steele that some notice should be taken in the *Spectator* of the 'Essay on Criticism,' and therefore it was that when a notice appeared on the 20th of December Pope assumed that it had been written by Steele, and wrote to thank him. Pope was probably soon after introduced to Addison, according to Steele's promise—he told Spence that his acquaintance with Addison commenced in 1712; but that there was no great personal intimacy between them even so late as the 27th of August in that year, we infer from the following postscript to a letter from Steele to Caryll, written while Pope was on a visit at Caryll's:—

"Mr. Addison gives his ser<sup>ts</sup> to Mr. Pope."

From a still later letter of November 12, 1712, it appears that the manuscript of 'The Temple of Fame' had been submitted to Steele—not to Addison. Steele was delighted with it,—wrote to say so to the young author,—and adds, "Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow; after his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts."

No great intimacy can be inferred from these incidental references to Addison, nor, as we think, from the published letters of Addison; only two, and the first dated more than twelve months after the mention of him in Steele's note to Caryll, six months after Pope had written the famous Prologue to Cato; and within a short time, calculated by months, certain "malevolencies" had interrupted the friendly feeling. Even the intimacy, such as it was, arose, we suspect, from chance meetings at Button's Coffee House. We know of no



circumstance from which we can infer social intercourse at any time. Addison, for political reasons probably, stood aloof from Pope. In his brief formal letters he warns him against party; and he acknowledged to Jervas in August, 1714, that he had been afraid that "Dr. Swift might have carried" Pope "too far among the enemy." The Prologue proves nothing,—a courteous thing, gracious and graceful, "giving and taking odours," probably suggested by Steele. The 'Narrative' of Dr. Norris, which is universally attributed to Pope, is an affair of a different complexion; and next week we propose to give our reasons and authorities for believing that it was not written by Pope.

*History of France in the Seventeenth Century: Richelieu and the Fronde.*—[*Histoire de la France, &c.*] By J. Michelet. (Paris, Chamerot.)

ALL the groups introduced into this history are varied and brilliant, all the events dramatic. M. Michelet, having traversed a series of grand epochs, and reviewed a succession of statesmen, artists, and Court beauties, passes into the era of the Fronde, and discovers that it is the most fascinating of the whole. Nor is it easy to confute this historical proposition. Richelieu occupies the stage, with the two Queens, Gustavus-Adolphus, Montmorency, Wallenstein, Cinq-Mars, De Thou, Mazarin, and Turenne; great wars and sieges tumultuously crowd the background; there are palace anecdotes that would have been well told by Saint-Simon, and strange popular frenzies mingle their colours in the narrative, which spreads over the third of a century, the memorable years from 1629 to 1661. Inevitably, M. Michelet plunges into his relation from the height of a paradox. Human history, he says, appears to have come to an end when we enter the period of the Thirty Years' War. There are then neither men nor nations, but things and elements. Barbarism is to be described in barbaric language; the world was a vast market in which men, willing to shed blood, were bought and converted into soldiers. There was the East of Europe, where Light Cavalry could be hired in unlimited multitudes; there was Holland, but its people were too slow and patient to accommodate themselves to the fierce eagerness of the European Tamerlanes; there was Germany, swarming with her own mercenaries; and thus, where a flag was raised, thousands of warriors thronged to it, and the age became one far-spread, fearful conflict. Wallenstein, springing from the volcanic Bohemian soil, presided over a carnival of incessant slaughters, "a diabolical man," a "gambler," a "speculator in fury," living when "the god of the world was Chance," when, as Luther said, "Heaven seemed to have wearied of the game, and to have thrown the cards upon the table." The lottery came whence cards came, explains M. Michelet, from Italy, from the city of usury, Genoa, and was imported by Francis the First among the French, and thenceforward accident ruled the kingdom. The good pleasure of royalty made ministers; generals, judges, and bishops were created by the caprices of women; the excitement of surprise, the pleasant facility of ruining themselves in a moment, was shared by all. With this ironical levity begins the history of Richelieu and the Fronde, and the lucky players first designated are Pimental, the fat Portuguese, the Centaur Concini, the valet Gourville, with other rogues, sons of rogues, and mountebanks, who threw the dice under auspicious stars. Sully himself, with his Jesuitry and his devotion, worshipped the wanton Fortune, for with him also hazard

was the first law of nature; and even Richelieu, the most serious man of his times, regarded the terrestrial life as a game of chance. Here we have the cue, the moral, the doctrine of the history. The whole is a mighty and melancholy exhibition of Roulette.

We have long ceased to apply historical criticism to the narratives of M. Michelet. They are, in the classical sense, rhapsodies,—and the author revels in his unbounded liberty. He is nothing if not vehement, swift, startling. Each of his later volumes is a Masque of Anarchy, in which he astonishes us by his judgments on men, by his compression of panoramic scenes into miniatures, by the bursts of rhetorical exaggeration, which reflect upon familiar characters and incidents a light which transfigures and often deforms them. Yet he has a rare faculty of penetrating the husk of recorded authority and of tearing traditions to pieces. With an imagination more subdued, and an eye more steady, M. Michelet would be an invaluable historian. As it is, his relations are commentaries upon history, not history itself. Besides, he writes what is not pictorial, or dramatic, or capable of being framed in epigram. To read his book is a pleasure,—but the impression it leaves is that of a wild, confused, violent, although elaborate and studied oration. The portrait of Richelieu drawn by M. Michelet is striking in its proportions, in its brilliance, in its cynical development of the harsher features. After "the great Catholic victory over Rochelle and heresy," the minister flattered the people of Paris by an allegorical triumph, representing Louis the Thirteenth as Jupiter Stator, wielding a golden thunderbolt; but the pagan god—with pointed mustachios—hesitated in what quarter to launch his bolt, whether upon Spain or Austria. As M. Michelet, with a pedantic straining of his metaphor, says, the gilded thunderbolt wanted silver wings,—in other words, the King wanted money. France lay under a load of deficit; and Richelieu, sombre by nature, was more sombre than ever. Macbeth was gay to him, M. Michelet says; and his inward agonies would have strangled him had he not vented them, like Hamlet, by hacking the tapestry with his sword. To aggravate his gloom, Louis the Thirteenth seemed about to slip from his grasp into the tomb. Spain and the Court prayed for His Majesty's death. His Queen and his brother looked at him every morning, and hoped. An invalid, half eaten-up by maladies at twenty-eight years of age, Louis tormented himself by thinking that, without Richelieu, his realm would be lost to him,—while Richelieu knew that, should Louis die, he himself had not two hours of existence left. The Minister tottered on the brink of another man's tomb and his own, and that helped to sadden his countenance. They were right, those speculators, and they played out their game together: but not until Europe had been once more convulsed, not until the Cardinal had advanced several steps higher to his climax of arrogance and glory. It was amid the great Italian devastation that Richelieu was master of France. His puppet, the King, a "false Louis," was, M. Michelet adds, a prince of the degenerate Italian school, a good musician, a fair composer, a self-worshipper, hard, dry, and cruel, neither an idiot nor a manikin, but, nevertheless, the second personage in the State.

Although thus absorbed, Richelieu had taste and leisure for such pleasures of private life as a Cardinal could enjoy. He took his niece from a Carmelite Convent, and placed her at the head of his household; but his public occupations left him comparatively little time, for, in addition to foreign powers, he had to cope

with enemies at home, with the Queen and with Monsieur,—and he overcame both, in spite of a female agent of the palace, whom M. Michelet describes as created by a freak of the Devil. The title of this entity is somewhat profusely scattered through the volume, one of the chapters being headed "The Devil and the Convents." Among the battles fought was one which the historian shall himself describe. The attack was upon the King, whom it was considered necessary to engage in a love affair, and in this instance the allies were the Queen and the beautiful Mdle. de Hautefort:—

One day, smiling, Mademoiselle de Hautefort showed a little letter in her hand. Behold, the King arrives! He wished to know what it contained. Still, in jest, she retreated, the King following her, still more piqued. He begged her to allow him to read the letter, stretching out his hand to take it. She thrusts it into the bosom of her dress. Louis stopped short suddenly, and knew not what to do; but the Queen was present and saw all the little charade. She did a daring thing, which might have resulted in the most important consequences. She seized the young girl's hands, and held them so that the King might take the letter. But Louis the Thirteenth was now in a still worse perplexity. He had recourse to an expedient, ridiculous but admirable, and taking up a little pair of silver pincers which were at hand, removed the letter chastely and without the slightest rudeness, from its delicate hiding-place.

Hence M. Michelet soars into an apostrophe addressed to decisive trifles—trifles that, like battles, have influenced the destinies of the world. The modesty of Louis the Thirteenth, according to the theory here stated, was of import to Europe. From the King of France he passes to the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, whom, in temperament, he compares with Galileo. Of this monarch his admiration is unlimited. He was "the creator of modern warfare," a man of great and heroic heart, clement, generous, and amiable.

I perceive in the seventeenth century only two lively men, Galileo and Gustavus Adolphus.

The Swedish warrior smiled in the very heat of battle.—

He was a man of gigantic stature—some say the tallest man in Europe. Very large forehead, eagle nose, clear grey eyes (rather small, if I am to credit the portraits), but penetrating.

He was not only tall, but fat. "A ball which would have killed a thin man lodged in his fat." By the victories of this colossus, Richelieu was determined in that peculiar course of policy which astonished Europe,—but the event of November, 1632, changed the aspect of affairs. Gustavus was dead, after saving Germany and perhaps France. "To save the world, to die young and betrayed," is the history of Gustavus Adolphus, as condensed into seven words by M. Michelet.

There are some remarkable chapters in this volume on the condition and morals of the religious establishments in France in 1633 and 1634, and on the wild mysticism and asceticism that prevailed at the same period. Demonology and other grotesque illusions, culminating in the burning alive of Grandier, who was examined from head to foot with the point of a needle that the badge of the fiend might be detected. One of the judges wished to tear off the nails of his hands and feet, but the surgeons refused to perform this operation. Richelieu mentions this occurrence but very slightly in his *Memoirs*.

Another very interesting episode is that including the political perils of Anne of Austria in 1637, when the Queen was no longer young,—when the arts by which she sought to preserve her beauty had begun to fail,—when, like a penitent child, she was compelled to write out with her own hand a confession of her misdeeds—her letters to Spain,—and offering

to live under inspection. Then comes the birth of Louis the Fourteenth; and M. Michelet, treating of this event, indulges in his most audacious exaggerations. Speaking of "the Messiah of the Monarchy," and saying that the Christmas of the Bourbons was dim, for there had risen no star in the East. Only in France and by the French could these profane absurdities be tolerated. Skimming the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars and De Thou, M. Michelet rapidly dismisses Richelieu to welcome a new King and a new Cardinal,—to enthrone Louis the Fourteenth and to recall Mazarin at his side. His summary of Richelieu's character is not the most striking passage in the volume. It is forced, minute, and tedious; but, as a whole, the narration is vigorous and attractive; and that portion of it which follows the vicissitudes of Mazarin's career to the close of the Fronde, the Condé terror, the second massacre at the Hôtel de Ville, the peace of the Pyrenees, and the death of the Cardinal in 1661, is full of animation and variety. This new volume rather justifies than enhances the reputation of its author.

*Life and Times of Aaron Burr.* By J. Parton. (New York, Mason Brothers; London, Low & Co.)

THIS is a biography, which reads like a romance, and out of whose surprising chapters might be constructed a library of sharp sayings and romantic stories. Voluminous Memoirs of Burr were published soon after his death by his friend Mr. Davis, and noticed some twenty years ago in this journal. Since then there have been discussions, and debates, and articles innumerable in American periodicals on Aaron Burr. His character has been coloured according to Federalist or Democrat, moralist or apologist, bias,—by his friends as the type of unflinching adroitness and courageous decision, and by his enemies as that of a mere political sharper, the incarnation of all that is low, little, and roguish.

A lawyer, a soldier, a statesman, a wit, a gallant, with a brain full of perilous schemes and desperate plots, ready to stake name and fame on a villainous throw or a murderous shot, taking banishment and outlawry as a mere retirement from society, and prison as a hermitage where he might study language or practise sentiment, treating the world in general as his oyster, to be opened and enjoyed at will, and using even misfortune's thistle as a make-shift for a sceptre:—such was Aaron Burr, once Lieutenant-Colonel in the American Revolutionary Army, Vice-President and all but President of the United States, and the would-be Emperor of Mexico. Greyheaded men and matrons in the States mention his name with fear,—patriotic school-boys recite an eloquent impeachment of him as a favourite exercise,—and, out of his own school-day remembrances, the present biographer records an outline of Burr as of a Judge Pyncheon sort of man, lonely and taciturn, before whose door he himself had snatched a fearful joy over a game of marbles. The portrait prefixed to this Life is of a man cold and selfish,—the eye fixed and astute, the mouth slightly sensual, the general features calm and feline,—the face of a man not grossly vicious or magnificently corrupt, a dweller on the border-land betwixt good and evil, utilitarian in theory and libertine in practice, with a wonderful instinct of self-control and self-reliance, ready to lop off a mutineer's upraised arm, or to chat gaily at breakfast after shooting a friend; or in later years, when the ground had become famous, able to point out the exact spot and the relative positions, and to fill up from memory a neat sketch of the meeting,—a suave,

bland, and courteous little gentleman, who glided softly over a carpet, and had a soft hand to lead a lady down to dinner and a pretty flattering speech and a princely bow as he put her into a carriage,—a man who could pen pretty little letters and compose pretty turns of sentiment,—a man of wax, in fact, ready to melt or harden, that could fascinate a widow, repel a dun, or satisfy a landlady, of a virtue that could shape itself to any crisis, and, in any political or social vicissitude, right itself in any instant, and, like a cat, always fall on its feet.

Bright and picturesque are the opening chapters of the biography, with architectural scenes of early New York, and its long, Dutch, red-brick ranks of warehouses, with peeps across the Hudson, into New Jersey, or along the Connecticut River, where studious Jonathan Edwards is musing, in some retired place, over the meshes of the human will, or watching the workings of the forest spider, and when night comes, in his forest home among the Indians, is seen writing, by a dim light, on the backs of letters or the blank pages of old pamphlets, while his thoughtful wife and pretty daughter are weaving lace or embroidering fans for the good Boston people. Then, shy and soft-eyed, Aaron Burr the first comes out of the collegiate shades of New Jersey, and, much "apologizing for his insufficiency," peruses blooming, deft-handed Esther Edwards for a day or two in the May sunshine; and, having considered the matter well, as a studious bachelor ought, employs a "young fellow" just out of college on the dangerous enterprise of conducting the lady and her mother to a new home. Aaron is President of the New Jersey Presbyterian College, which has been duly inaugurated with Latin speeches and the making of one Master of Arts, with solemn prayer for His Majesty George the Second and the British nation and dominions. Aaron the second appears in February, 1756, just before the family remove to the "large, well-furnished dwelling-house, garden, barn, pasture ground, &c.," provided, at Princetown, for the President, "with 200*l.* proclamation money and perquisites yearly increasing." In a couple of years, Aaron has neither father nor mother, and is left to run wild in cherry-orchards, where, for offences against Puritanical decorum, he gets "licked like a sack." We omit his pranks at school and at college, his acute talk, his growing aptitude for intrigue, scepticism, and secretiveness, and cast our eye a moment over little Burr as he leaps out of bed, throws aside sickness and law books, shoulders his knapsack, and starts off to join his friend Ogden and the patriot army at Newburyport, sixty miles from Boston,—as told heretofore by his friend Davis, and quoted in the *Athenæum*.

Of his talents, here is an example:—

"Over the Hudson River, fifteen miles or more from the shore, lived the beautiful and charming Mrs. Prevost. From his outpost on the Hudson, Colonel Burr could see the hills among which nestled the home of this beloved family; but between them rolled a river, two miles wide, and infested with the gun-boats and sloops of the enemy, while beyond it stretched an expanse of country, held sometimes by one party, sometimes by the other, but either of whom would prevent or delay the progress of a soldier bound on an errand of love. The duties of Burr's command, too, were onerous and incessant. By day, he was an autocratic magistrate, hearing complaints, deciding disputes, writing reports, inspecting troops, sending off prisoners, purchasing supplies. We see him sending up a number of prisoners, handcuffed in couples; and as they start, the guard being greatly outnumbered by them, he sends a sergeant along the line to cut the strings of their breeches, which obliged them to employ their other hand in holding

up that important garment. Again, he writes to the general, 'There are a number of women here of bad character, who are continually running to New York and back again. If they were men, I should flog them without mercy.' Then he is scouring the country far and near, for shoes, for molasses, for wheat, for rum; which last, he tells the general, he can buy at White Plains at 20 dollars a gallon. By night, he was riding among his posts and sentinels, knowing well that only vigilance like his kept the guards from being surprised, as was sufficiently proved when that vigilance was withdrawn. Yet, in spite of these difficulties, he contrived twice during the winter to visit Paramus. In achieving these visits, he equalled Leander in daring, and surpassed him so much in ingenuity as to get over his Hellespont with a dry over-coat, and to go glowing instead of dripping into the arms of his Hero. Six of his trustiest troopers, men whom he knew were devoted to him, he sent early in the evening to a place on the banks of the Hudson, since and for ever made classic ground by the residence of Washington Irving. Under the lofty bank of the river there he had caused an ample barge to be moored, well furnished with blankets and buffalo-skins. Earlier by some hours than usual, Burr left his quarters at White Plains, mounted on a small, swift horse, and galloped rapidly to the river side, visiting posts and sentries as he went. His perfect manner of procuring intelligence had made him certain that nothing requiring his presence would occur before morning; yet he provided for every probability or possibility of danger, and for any unforeseen delay that might occur on his return. At 9 in the evening, his faithful troopers at the barge heard the clattering of hoofs, and in a moment their commander stood in their midst, bridle in hand. Instantly, and without the interchange of a syllable, the girth was unloosed, ropes were adjusted about the body of the panting steed, and, by the method well known to farriers, the animal was gently thrown and bound; then lifted by main strength and placed on the bed provided for him in the boat. Burr stepped aboard; the men plied the muffled oars with a will, and, within half an hour, the boat grazed the opposite shore. In the same silence, and with the same celerity as before, the horse was lifted out, unbound, and got upon its feet. A little rubbing and walking up and down restored the animal to its wonted condition. The boat was drawn snugly up on the shore:—the men laid down in the bottom of it asleep, while Burr mounted and rode rapidly away up the hill to the home of his heart. Before midnight he was there. Two hours of bliss flew fast—how swiftly lovers know. Then again to horse. About four in the morning, he was with his faithful crew on the river's bank, where the poor nag was astonished once more, in the manner just described, and the party re-crossed the river. Arrived on the other side, Colonel Burr mounted, rode over to camp, which was seven miles from the river, challenging sentinels, visiting posts, and comporting himself exactly in his usual manner that not the slightest suspicion arose of the singular way in which he had passed the night. A little before daylight, quite in his accustomed style, he gave up his horse and threw himself upon his couch."

The fascinating lady is a widow with two sons, is ten years older than Burr, and not beautiful,—yet for her he leaves the army, takes to law and matrimony. His epistolary mode of wooing is curious.—

"You wrote me too much, my Dom. I hope it was not from a fear that I should be dissatisfied with less. It is, I confess, rather singular to find fault with the quantity when matter and manner are so delightful. You must, however, deal less in sentiments and more in ideas. Indeed, in the letter in answer to my last, you will need be particularly attentive to this injunction. I think constantly of the approaching change in our affairs, and what it demands. Do not let us, like children, be so taken with the prospect as to lose sight of the means. Remember to write me facts and ideas, and don't torment me with compliments or yourself with sentiments to which I am already



no stranger. Write but little and very little at once."

Quaint pictures of New York social life follow notes of rich plate and napkins and peaches at breakfast, and people "who talk very loud, very fast, and all together." Burr is a successful practitioner,—sleeps and eats anyhow,—works all night,—and, as the clerks and junior counsel say, is "business incarnate." His definition of law in general is, "whatever is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained," his practice, "never to negotiate in a hurry." "There is a maxim," said he, "'never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.' This is a maxim for sluggards. A better reading is, 'never do to-day what you can do to-morrow, for something may occur to make you regret your premature action.'" Dollars poured in fast—ten and twenty thousand a year—to a pleader who was never diffuse, never declamatory, but brief, close, and full. An example of his peculiar ability appears in a criminal defence. The evidence against the prisoner seemed damning, but Burr had his suspicion fixed upon the principal witness, a man of a remarkably hang-dog look. The case for the prosecution was closed. The Court rose till lights could be brought, and then waited for the prisoner's counsel to reply.—

"Through one of his satellites, of whom he always had several revolving around him, he caused an extra number of candles to be brought into the court-room, and to be so arranged as to throw a strong light upon a certain pillar, in full view of the jury, against which the suspected witness had leaned throughout the trial. The Court assembled, the man resumed his accustomed place, and Colonel Burr rose. With the clear conciseness of which he was master, he set forth facts, which bore against the man; and then, seizing two candelabra from the table, he held them up toward him, throwing a glare of light upon his face, and exclaimed, 'Behold the murderer, gentlemen!' Every eye was turned upon the wretch's ghastly countenance, which to the excited multitude seemed to bear the very expression of a convicted murderer. The man reeled, as though he had been struck; then shrunk away behind the crowd, and rushed from the room. The effect of this incident was decisive. Colonel Burr concluded his speech, the Judge charged, the jury gave a verdict of acquittal, and the prisoner was free."

He has a prodigy of a daughter, whose education he superintends,—disciplining her in the art of not crying, nor caring about dainties, nor having superstitions about darkness. He keeps open house, has his London bookseller, by means of whom he makes acquaintance with Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Jeremy Bentham. The political chapters we omit, simply noticing a saying of Burr's:—"The constitution, I said, would only last fifty years. I was wrong as to the time; but the crash will come." A story of his first duel is humorous. The balls were too small, and had to be wrapped round with leather and greased. As Burr drew the ramrod, he reported to the second that the ball not at home. "I know," was the reply. "I forgot to grease the leather; but your man is ready, don't keep him waiting. Just take a crack as it is, and I'll grease the next." Burr's last duel, we believe, was with Hamilton, in which he killed his man and wrecked his fortunes for ever.

The marvellous Mexican Expedition, the trial,—the vicissitudes of success or adversity,—death, exile, poverty, and signal disgrace, which beset his later years,—"good things" about him,—would make a lively volume. Take a gaol scene.—

"I hope, Sir," said the jailor, "that it would not be disagreeable to you if I should lock this door after dark!"—"By no means," replied the prisoner; "I should prefer it to keep out intruders."—"It is our

custom, Sir," continued the jailor, "to extinguish all lights at nine o'clock. I hope, Sir, you will have no objection to conform to that."—"That, Sir," said Burr, "I am sorry to say is impossible, for I never go to bed till twelve, and always burn two candles."—"Very well, Sir, just as you please," replied the jailor. "I should have been glad if it had been otherwise; but as you please, Sir."

Of his social habits here is an anecdote.—

"He was sitting in his library reading one day. A lady entered without his perceiving her, and going up softly behind his chair, gave him a slap on the cheek, saying 'Come, tell me, what little French girl, pray, have you had here?' The abruptness of the question, and the positive manner of the lady, deceived him, and he doubted not she had made the discovery. He admitted the fact. Whereupon his fair inquisitress burst into loud laughter at the success of her artifice, which she was induced to play upon him from the mere circumstance of having smelt musk in the room."

A legal case.—

"A beautiful woman came to him one day to engage his services in a suit for divorce, which she was about to bring against her husband. After hearing her story, he was averse to bringing the suit, and dissuaded her in terms like these:—"Madam, your cause will have to be tried by twelve men, all sinners. They will have a fellow-feeling with the sinner; and you know a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. These men will have to be told, that for a long time past your husband has not been permitted to enjoy your society. They will see you, and pity him! I assure you, my dear madam, it will be extremely difficult to get a verdict in your favour. The lady was convinced."

An opinion upon ladies.—

"That man," said he one day of a stranger who had just left the room, "is no gentleman."—"Why not?" exclaimed the ladies in a chorus.—"Because he introduced politics before ladies," answered Burr.—"But, Colonel, have ladies no sense, then?"—"With a smile, he said in his soft whispering way, 'All sense, Madam, yet it is better to talk sweet little nothings to them.'"

A lady's question.—

"Colonel, I wonder, now, if you were ever the gay Lotherio they say you were?"—"They say! they say! THEY SAY! Ah, my child, how long are you going to continue to use those dreadful words? Those two little words have done more harm than all others. Never use them, dear. Never use them!"

Here is another little scene.—

"Burr was lying upon a couch. A friend, who was arranging his table, said to him suddenly, 'Ah! Colonel, what is this? Here is a love-lock.' He looked at it, smiled and nodded, took it into his hands, and smoothed it with his fingers; but said nothing. 'Whose hair is that, Colonel?' asked the friend. Still fondling it with his fingers, he said, smiling, as though his recollections of the head from which he may have cut it were very pleasant, 'It is very pretty hair.'—"I see it is," said the curious lady; but whose hair is it?—"Undoubtedly," said he, with some gravity.—"But, Colonel," she continued, "I have really a very strong desire to know."—"I see you have," was all the reply she could extract from him."

A Frenchman's mode of pity.—

"A group were standing together on one of the wharfs of New York, when a carman's horse backed into the river. The cart was got out, but the horse was drowned; and every one began pitying the poor carman's ill luck. A French merchant of the name of Jumel instantly took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket, and holding it up, cried out, 'How much you pity the poor man? I pity him ten dollars. How much you pity him?' By this piece of wit he soon collected seventy dollars, which were put into the poor fellow's hat."

We may refer our readers who have not enough of such stories to Mr. Parton's entertaining biography.

*The Border Angler: a Guide-book to the Tweed and its Tributaries, and the other Streams commanded by the North British Railway.* (Edinburgh, Nimmo; London, Kent & Co.)

It is a laudable custom with our House of Peers, before that august assembly proceeds to legislate for the benefit or amazement of the nation, that the youngest of the prelates present offers up prayer for the enlightenment of their Lordships. We will not say how many scores of years have elapsed since an old Bishop of Durham, learned and lazy, lounged into the House,—when, being the only member of the episcopal bench present, he was called upon to perform the easy office of chaplain. The dignitary left the chamber in a "huff"; and an ingoing peer could not help inquiring what annoyed him. "No young Bishops in the House. No young Bishops in the House!" growled the ecclesiastical prince; adding, "Hang 'em! do they think that I am going to do their dirty work for 'em? Not I, sir! not I!"—and so the exemplary gentleman passed on. There was not a drum, or a route, or a ridotto, held about that time, at which he did not astonish people by speaking with contempt of prelates. The Author of 'The Border Angler' recalls this story of the good bishop. He is a Scottish body, beyond all doubt, and yet, in the face of custom, and in the teeth of Prof. Blackie—who implores his countrymen to have a still higher opinion of themselves than they have hitherto professed—this aforesaid anonymous Scottish body satirizes Scotchmen! Here is a fact to add to the many which, young as the year is, threaten to make of it an *annus mirabilis*!

Having noted this circumstance, we turn to the book and its subject; and each justifies us in asserting that, as far as the British islands are concerned, Scotland, and especially the district of which Edinburgh is the headquarters, may be said to be the paradise of anglers. When Hegel contemplated Creation, he philosophically, that is, with very little modesty and a world of confidence, pointed out what his selfishness led him to consider as remarkable defects; but even a Scottish angler can detect no defects in the distribution, if we may so speak, of angling facilities in certain portions of Scotland. For a long period, the Tweed and its branches were all but perfect in this respect. Now, perfection itself has been achieved. The district was something like the cavern of Aladdin, overflowing with treasures, but very difficult of access. What the magic lamp was to the cave, the rail has been to the Tweed; and the North British line and its branches now admirably fit in with the river and its various arms or feeders. As to the Tweed itself, we are told a secret which many may be glad to be made acquainted with. Stream, bank, and bottom, that river was "planned according to an angler's taste." The Tweed was made expressly for anglers, as the good French priest said navigable rivers were for large commercial cities!

When we say that, as a topographical guide for Border anglers, and an adviser for brethren of the rod generally, this volume is in every way satisfactory, we say all that we mean to express on that head. On these matters, we have written too frequently, and therewith too recently, to offer further samples of instruction in this department. The book now before us has, however, some gossiping qualities that may not be so readily passed over, and if we turn to these rather than to the strictures on the gentle art, and the statistics on angling results, we must be taken as the sharers in many a gallant day's sport, who rather record the

pleasant incidents by the way, than the performances by the river-side. One of these incidents is that if a man go abroad for trout-fishing (which used to be universally free), he may find himself disappointed. See how the author handles dual proprietors anent this matter.—

"We do not know indeed, that there is now an inch of water between Rutherford and Kelso, a distance of about five miles, which is open to the public—or rather, which has not been seized upon, and an exclusive private right, in defiance of the public, asserted by force of gamekeepers. Thirty years ago, there was not an inch of it which was not free, and the preserving practice, which is now very rigid, was carefully and insidiously begun. People, under the shadow of Floors Castle, were induced to take written permissions; gradually it came to be known that anybody who fished in Floors water was expected to ask leave, while it was understood that nobody who asked would be refused; and finally within the last ten or fifteen years, what young men can remember as perfectly open to all, came to be obtainable only by special favour of the Duke of Roxburghe or his Chamberlain. We do not know whether leave is at all liberally issued by his Grace or not, and we can easily understand how a keen angler, through whose possessions the Tweed flows as if it were part of them, should desire to have it exclusively to himself; but we confess that we are radical enough to think that the dual owner of Floors, and of the rich and beautiful domain that surrounds it, ought to have been satisfied with what he had, without attempting to rob the public of almost the only privilege that now belongs to it—that of angling for trout in royal rivers."

Bucleuch and Scott on the Makerston-water are as unscrupulous touching this once recognized privilege as Roxburghe on his share of the Tweed. Sometimes Earls, in their way, are as churlish as Dukes. Here is a word-picture that Leach might turn to capital limning purposes. The parties are old Rob Kerss, the famous Tweed fisherman, and the Earl of Home:

"In Rob Kerss's time, leave of fishing could be obtained in the Makerston-water for payment to him as 'guide, philosopher, and friend,'—the fish being paid for at the current price, or left; and there were few days during the season on which he had not somebody in his boat, or working a fly into the eddies of the Trows, under his guidance. He was a favourite with anglers of all classes—with peer and peasant alike; and preserved his self-respect, and asserted his independent and original character, under all circumstances. It is related that the late Earl of Home, probably the best salmon-fisher of his day, was on one occasion angling from Rob's boat on the upper part of the Makerston-water; and, as the day was favourable, he hooked and landed several fish in succession. As each salmon was knocked on the head, his lordship refreshed himself from his flask with much self-gratulation, and returned it to his pocket without offering it to the venerable fisherman. Rob gloomily bore this unwonted treatment for some time, but at last, seeing no prospect of amendment, he deliberately pulled the boat to the shore, put up the oars, padlocked it, and walked off in the direction of his hut. The Earl, amazed, called to him to come back, as his day's sport was not nearly over; but Rob replied—'Na, na; them that drink by themself can fish by themself,' and left the peer to digest his mortification as best he might."

The above would make as good a ballad as a picture; and the word ballad reminds us of a remark of the author, that he does not know a single border ballad in which there is mention made of any kind of fishing, or of drinking, except in a very moderate way. Even now, an angler on "the Sabbath" may meet with less punch than preaching, and that at the hands of his own landlord.—

"The recollection of the fact that in Ettrick Kirkyard lies the Rev. Thomas Boston, umquille minister of the parish, and author of 'The Fourfold State'—a great work of village divinity—induces us

to warn our readers to take some readable books with them in their angling excursions to remote districts. Josephus, Boston, and such-like, are often the only books to be found in these places;—and the remembrance of a Sunday's torments which we once experienced from the aforesaid 'Fourfold State' are not to be effaced. The landlord of an inn, instigated by a thoughtless hint, persisted for a whole forenoon in reading to us the lucubrations of the famous minister of Ettrick; and, as he came to each orthodox proposition, he made sure of our attention by demanding—'And hoo d' ye think he proves this pint?' Nor would he proceed until a few random guesses gave him the opportunity of exhibiting the superior acumen of his favourite divine on the 'kittle points' of faith or grace."

May not our sojourner at Ettrick have mistaken the object of the pious host when treating of pints? Old Davy Leslie, the Covenanting General, was as pious as he; but there is to this day strong controversy as to what Sir David proposed to his weary men when they reached Shawburn, on a raw misty morning, on their way to defeat Montrose at Philiphaugh.

When they came to the Shawburn,  
Said he, "Sae weel we frame,  
I think it is convenient  
That we should sing a psalm!"

Commentators declare that Sir David's words were—

I think it is convenient  
That we should tak a dram!

and, taking the condition of the morning into consideration, and the habits of the Covenanters, we are inclined to think that Sir David suggested and his soldiers did—both! The author, however, has but an indifferent opinion of the godliness of the Leslies, or of the national modesty.—

"'Lesly's March,' a ditty that records these triumphant performances of the Scotch Presbyterians, under their able generals, the two Leslies, has, considering its origin, remarkably little of the savour of grace in it. Indeed it begins,

March! March!

Why the devil do you na march?

and while it professes the object of the marching to be 'true gospel to maintain,' it has the following naïve declaration of national conceit:—

When to the Kirk we come,  
We'll purge it like a room,  
Frae popish relics and a sic innovation.  
That a' the world may see,  
There's nae in the right but we  
Of the auld Scottish nation."

To the above quiet bit of satire may be appended this Scottish pull at the luggs of prelatical lairds.—

"It is an unfortunate feature in Scottish history, that the aristocracy of the country always appear as about the worst in the world. They ought to have been rather advanced in civilization and patriotism, it might have been thought, under the good and wise King Alexander III., but as soon as the English aggression commenced after his death, they disgracefully yielded to the invader, caring for nothing but to keep their lands. And so they always show throughout. As mean and greedy as they were proud and ignorant, they had only the redeeming quality of bravery in the field. From the time of the war of Independence, when they were so basely jealous of Wallace, and gave such laggard support to Bruce, there are singularly few stories of gentle chivalry in the annals of the Scottish nobility. At the Reformation they pillaged the church far more ruthlessly even than their compeers in England; they adopted readily the religion which the Charles's fruitlessly tried to thrust down the throats of the people of Scotland; they sold their ancient Parliament for English gold; even when they went out with Prince Charlie, they usually left a member of the family at home to take the other side, so that whoever might win, the lands might be kept! In our own day, they are aliens from the national religion, and are personally trying to spread Episcopacy throughout the land; while at county meetings and on the hustings they are constantly and mysteriously bawling about the support of the Established

Presbyterian Church, in which they somehow affect the deepest interest, though giving it the go-by on Sundays."

With one paragraph touching that mysterious and troublesome visitor which one day suddenly took root and spread in more than one English river, we close this pleasant volume.—

"Of late years a considerable nuisance and obstruction to angling has arisen in the Whitadder. The *Anacharis Aleinastrum*, the weed that has almost choked up the canals of Lincolnshire and others of the midland English counties, first made its appearance in this kingdom in Dunse Castle loch, where it was discovered about seventeen years ago by the late Dr. George Johnston, of Berwick (who was a keen angler as well as an eminent naturalist). The intruder found its way into the Whitadder, and has established itself in most of the mill-dams, threatening almost to block them up. It seems not to be particular about what sort of root it gets, but spreads with amazing rapidity, until in several places it has almost stretched across the Whitadder. A sprig of it put into a tumbler of water will indeed in a very short time fill the vessel without taking any root at all. Large trout hooked in the neighbourhood of a bed of this weed make a dash into it, and if the angler is fishing with fly, he may be thankful if he recovers his cast, without much regretting the certain loss of the trout. Fortunately the recurring floods help to repress its extension, and it cannot obtain a footing in the streams. In no other Scotch river that we know of has this annoying invader presented itself."

The volume possesses an excellent map of the Border streams, roads, and railways, from Berwick and Roxburgh, to Peebles, Lanark, and Linlithgow, and from Dumfries to the Frith of Forth. Volume and map will be found suitable to anglers of all ages,—whether they be mature of years and cool of brain as dear solitary old Izaak; or youthful, ardent, and as pleasantly accompanied as Mr. Thackeray's handsome page who went out a-fishing with the baron's daughter.

*The Complete Works of Richard Crashaw, Canon of Loretto.* Edited by William B. Turnbull, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. (J. R. Smith.)

THANKS to Cowley, every one knows the name of Richard Crashaw, poet and saint. In the whole round of elegiac celebrations there is nothing finer—few things so fine, even in the 'Lycidas,' the 'Adonais,' and 'In Memoriam'—as Cowley's tribute to the Canon of Loretto, opening with the noble lines—

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven!

When Cowley wrote his elegy, it is just possible that he may have been led away—as most poets are, and as Bacon was even beyond the poets—by the glorious ease with which he could say glorious things. "What fine things, Sir, one man of parts can write of another man of parts!" Yet there is enough in Crashaw to reconcile us to redundant praise. He had no wide sweep of imagination, perhaps, no Miltonic grandeur and march of thought. But his fancy was rich and warm, coloured and yet chaste, tender yet not weak. His sense of rhythm was perfect. His mastery of English was nearly perfect. No poet of his time possessed a more delicate ear for music,—not Jonson, the echoes of whose notes may nevertheless be sometimes caught in 'The Delights of the Muses,'—not even Milton, whose ear attuned all harmonies, from the thunder-roll to the whispering reed. Might not Moore himself have sung this song?—

To thy lover,  
Dear, discover  
That sweet blush of thine, that shamed,  
When the roses  
It discloses,  
All the flowers that nature nameth!



In free air,  
Flow thy hair;  
That no more summer's best dresses  
Be beholders,  
For their golden  
Looks, to Phœbus flaming tresses.  
O, deliver  
Love his quiver;  
From thy eyes he shoots his arrows,  
Where Apollo  
Cannot follow,  
Feather'd with his mother's sparrows!  
O, envy not,  
That we die not,  
Those dear lips, whose door encloses  
All the Graces  
In their places,  
Brother pearls, and sister roses!  
From these treasures  
Of ripe pleasures,  
One bright smile to clear the weather:  
Earth and heaven,  
Thus made even,  
Both will be good friends together.  
The air does woo thee,  
Winds cling to thee;  
Might a word once fly from out thee,  
Storms and thunder  
Would sit under,  
And keep silence round about thee!  
But if Nature's  
Common creatures  
So dear glories dare not borrow;  
Yet thy beauty  
Owes a duty  
To my loving, ling'ring sorrow!  
When, to end me,  
Death shall send me  
All his terrors, to afflict me;  
Thine eyes' graces  
Gild their faces,  
And those terrors shall delight me!  
When my dying  
Life is flying,  
Those sweet airs, that often slew me,  
Shall revive me,  
Or reprieve me,  
And to many deaths renew me!

Yet musical utterance was only one of many eminent gifts possessed by Crashaw. Chief of all his gifts — and one which he possessed almost alone in the age of Charles and Henrietta, — or only shared with Milton — was his singular purity of fancy and of expression. Girls may still read him. How impossible to say so much of Donne, Suckling, Mathews, and Carew — his immediate rivals and contemporaries!

Little is known personally of Richard Crashaw. The two chief facts are these — he wrote verses and changed his religion. The minor details of his life may be given in thirty lines: —

"The date of his birth has not been ascertained, but it may have been about 1616; since, the first steps of his education having been taken at the Charterhouse, on the foundation of which he was placed by Sir Randolph Crew and Sir Henry Yelverton, he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, March 26, 1632, and became a Fellow of Peterhouse in the same University, in 1637; having removed to that College on the 20th of March previous. His Bachelor's degree was taken in 1633. In 1641 he is recorded by Wood as one of the persons incorporated that year at Oxford; but to what degree admitted is not stated, as his name does not appear in the public register, and Wood's authority was 'the private observation of a certain Master of Arts, that was, this year, living in the University.' Wood, however, adds: — 'Afterwards, he was Master of Arts, in which degree it is probable he was incorporated.' Beyond these features of his academical career, we are certain of nothing save of its termination; which happened during the Great Rebellion in 1644, when the Earl of Manchester, under the authority of Parliament, 'reformed' (as they were pleased to style it) the University, by expelling such members as refused to subscribe the Covenant. On this occasion Crashaw was one of the sixty-five Fellows ejected. After the loss of his fellowship, having embraced the Catholic religion, he repaired to Paris: and in this city he was found by Cowley in a state of destitution, about 1646. To the friendship of this amiable brother-poet he was indebted for sympathy and relief, and an introduction to the

exiled queen, Henrietta Maria, from whom he also received what small aid her own limited finances would allow; with recommendatory letters to persons of influence at Rome. There he is said to have become secretary to Cardinal Palotta, and soon thereafter to have been appointed one of the Canons of the Church of Loretto. This preferment he only held for a very short space; dying and being interred at Loretto about 1650."

Such was Richard Crashaw, Canon of Loretto. Mr. Smith has given us in this collection of Crashaw's Poems fresh reason to be grateful for his care of the old authors. The introductory Memoir, by Mr. Turnbull, is what a memoir of such a man should be — a brief statement of facts, free from rancour and controversy; in style and temper a happy contrast to the pages on Southwell, in another volume of Mr. Smith's series. 'The Complete Works of Richard Crashaw' will give delight to all, offence to none.

*The Human Mind in its Relations with the Brain and Nervous System.* By Daniel Noble, M.D. (Churchill.)

THE nature of the connexion between Mind and Matter is better understood by the physiologist of the present day than at any previous time in the history of mental and physiological science. The necessary laws of mind can undoubtedly be studied independent of any consideration of their special connexion with the organs of the body, as we see in the erroneous notions held by the older metaphysicians with regard to the seat of the mental powers. But if we would know how the mind is developed, how it is affected by the organization of the body, and how best to develop its powers, we must understand the nature of its connexion with the human body, in which nobody denies it dwells. It is to help the student in this task that Dr. Noble has written the present book. He does not enter upon the laws which govern the various faculties of the human mind, or their reaction the one upon the other; but devotes himself entirely to the question of the seat of those functions which result in what we call Mind. In the beginning of his work, Dr. Noble glances at the views held by the older physiologists and metaphysicians of the seat of the human mind. Some placing it in the heart, others in the stomach — some in one place, and some in another; and points out the overwhelming testimony in favour of the nervous system. In this place he draws attention to the researches of Gall, the founder of Phrenology, and claims for him a high position as an investigator of the functions of the brain and nervous system. The following remarks on the phrenological system are of special interest, as proceeding from one who, having adopted this system, gave it up when he felt its positions were no longer tenable: —

"As a system, phrenology would not appear to have received that confirmation, from extended investigation, anticipated in its earlier history by many able physiologists. If, indeed, innate personal endowment of intellect and moral disposition were something readily ascertainable; if the influence of inherent aptitudes and tendencies were determinable, from external actions, with anything like moderate exactness; if, at the same time, the size of separate portions of the encephalon could be verified to a corresponding extent; and if multiplied observations led actually to uniform results, it must be admitted that Gall's physiology of the brain would have been established as a fact, however inconclusive or vicious should be the reasonings and deductions of individual phrenologists. Coincidences in many cases are undoubtedly noticeable between form of the head and peculiarity of mind; but a sufficiently wide observation and collection of instances never fail to exhibit discre-

pancies that completely overthrow the pretensions of systematic phrenology. It must still be admitted, I think, that phrenology, like every other honest extravagance, has some portion of truth underlying it; for, unquestionably, there is much reality in many of Gall's cranioscopic observations. Any one remarking, with an ordinary degree of attention, the form and dimensions of different heads, will very soon perceive that an excessively diminutive one never displays either intelligence or any other force of character; that a small, receding forehead is never the possession of persons eminent for their thinking power, but that usually a capacious front and vigorous intellect go together: that a head very high and broad in the sincipital region, is commonly associated with great natural morality; and that, on the contrary, a low, contracted head is most ordinarily found upon the shoulders of depraved criminals; and, again, that a large occipital and basilar development is generally found in persons of strong animal propensities. More particular correspondences, indeed, may be noted; but the foregoing illustrations will sufficiently exemplify the facts that may be verified without difficulty. But concerning phrenology in detail, as a scientific system, I conceive that the evidence furnished by our more advanced knowledge of the brain and nervous system, alike in man and animals, will not sustain the particular theory of separate organs for distinct mental faculties."

It was undoubtedly the apparent simplicity of the physiological explanation and the completeness of the psychological system that rendered Phrenology so popular and acceptable a system. It, however, promised too much, and but few physiologists who were original investigators accepted it. Manifold explanations were given of the functions of the nervous system, especially of parts of the brain, and eventually a clearer exposition of the subject became possible. To Dr. Carpenter our author gives the highest credit in the attempt to connect the functions of the mind with parts of the nervous system. —

"In the year 1846, Dr. Carpenter propounded a physiology of the encephalon, which, however incomplete, is likely to constitute the basis of all future attempts of this description. In an able paper, this distinguished physiologist reviewed the whole state of our knowledge of the brain and nervous system, and, at the same time, indicated the method by which the subject might be most successfully prosecuted; he brought together the scattered facts of this department of science, and gave to them a certain precision and unity, with rare sagacity and skill. In more recent publications he has still further elaborated his views, and has so marked out and defined our best established knowledge, and indicated the most probable opinions, that important results are exhibited and suggested when they cannot be distinctly affirmed. The more closely, indeed, Dr. Carpenter's views are examined, the more clearly does the correlation of psychology and physiology reveal itself. But he himself would not claim for his doctrines all the fulness and perfection which they may be expected to attain. It is but right, however, that physiologists and psychologists (and they are not few) who avail themselves of his thought as their starting-point, should candidly and honourably acknowledge the fact, even when it may not receive a development from them altogether identical with that which it has obtained from himself. Dr. Carpenter's chief propositions are, that the Cerebral Hemispheres supply the organic conditions of all psychical action which involves Ideas; and that the nervous masses situated above and in advance of the medulla oblongata, and underneath the cerebrum proper, constitute the encephalic centres of the various kinds of Sensation. And, certainly, there is noticeable in the consciousness as obvious a distinction between thought and feeling, as in the anatomy between the cerebral hemispheres and the underlying structures."

The author, without accepting all Dr. Carpenter's conclusions, follows his arrangement in the present volume. He enters first upon

the consideration of nervous structure and function generally, then passes to the sympathetic nervous system, the excito-motory function of the ganglia, and spinal cord and nerves, thence to the nerves of special sense. He controverts the argument for the necessity of a sixth sense, called the "muscular sense," and refers this function to the nerves of common sensation. The brain, or the hemispherical ganglia of that organ, are regarded as the seat of intelligence, but its division into separate organs is denied. The question of the seat of consciousness is then discussed. Dr. Carpenter regards the sensory ganglia as the seat of all conscious activity, and holds that the ideas of the mind, or thought, have no actual existence until registered on the sensorium. The author discusses this question at considerable length, giving his reasons for differing with Dr. Carpenter. We quote the concluding passage of this chapter in order to show the practical value of the discussions thus carried on by physiologists.—

"But whatever defect or incompleteness may characterize the development which Dr. Carpenter has given to his own doctrine when localising consciousness, the merit and originality of that physiologist in systematically establishing, by extensive and careful induction, a division of the encephalon into hemispheres and sensory ganglia correlative with the psychological distinctions of thought and feeling, cannot, I believe, be disputed. The scientific justice of this division may be further corroborated by a class of facts hitherto not stated, which, however, I shall briefly cite in completion of the present chapter. It is well known that extensive disease will sometimes interfere with the normal condition of the hemispherical structures without fatal results, and occasionally even without seriously affecting the general health; displacement of the convolutions from chronic hydrocephalus, softening of their substance, carcinomatous degeneration, laceration, and even abstraction of some portion by external violence, have severally been discovered; and, yet, up to a period immediately preceding death, without consequent derangement of the bodily functions to any remarkable extent. When, however, the slightest lesion happens to the ganglionic tissues underlying the hemispheres, serious results very speedily exhibit themselves: convulsions, paralysis, apoplexy, and death will not unfrequently arise in such circumstances. This relative liability to ulterior physical mischief consequent upon damage done to the hemispherical and sensory ganglia respectively, very much corresponds with the comparative deterioration resulting from excessive thought and overwrought feeling. Studious habits, however continuous, in themselves operate with but little prejudice to the system; when the health of severe students gives way, the fact is almost always directly traceable to irregularity of meals, inadequate sleep, neglect of out-door exercise, and deprivation of suitable recreation; let these be duly attended to, and scarcely any amount of pure thinking will act injuriously upon the system, or diminish the prospects of longevity. The case, however, is very different when, from any cause, feeling is greatly perturbed, when the emotional sensibility is habitually excited; then, more or less, the health constantly suffers; organic changes, not unfrequently malignant, are induced; and sometimes life is prematurely and abruptly extinguished. See the perpetually occurring effects of grief, anxiety, and corroding care—the wan countenance, the sickly and dingy complexion, the wasted flesh. Look even at the results of too much joyous excitement—the sleepless nights, the nervous excitability, the fever-flush. We have none of these phenomena exhibited by the merely studious man; by him at least who is exempt from striving, competitive anxiety, from ambitious struggles, and other influences that deteriorate feeling. You will rather notice a flourishing state of both mental and bodily health. Longevity, too, notoriously attaches to philosophers and men of science, if they only take ordinary care of themselves, and

do not engage too vehemently in the battle of life, which compromises the sensibility. When we hear or read of the calm philosopher and the impassioned sage, we picture to ourselves immediately an old man,

—in whose years are seen  
A youthful vigour and autumnal green."

The remaining chapters on the Physiological Potency of Ideas, and the Will, are treated in a clear and comprehensive manner. The extracts we have given will furnish proof of the manner in which the book is written. We know of no essay more instructive on the subjects of which it treats; and can recommend it most highly as giving a view of the present state of our knowledge of the relations between mind and organization.

*The National Magazine.* Part for May, 1858. (Kent & Co.)

Mr. W. B. Jerrold, eldest son of the great wit, has begun to gather from books and men—and chiefly from the memories of old friends—a collection of Douglas Jerrold's flashing and electric words, sayings on many subjects, humorous, pathetic, quizzical and satirical; fun which is of the day, and fun which is for generations, joyous laughter for the many, deep thought for the few. The first part of the collection appears in the current number of the *National Magazine*, from which we borrow a column of examples, offering them as a handful of corn in evidence of the harvest.—

"*The Anglo-French Alliance.*—Jerrold was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said that he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last.—*Jerrold.* 'Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea.'

"*A Land of Plenty.*—Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.

"*The Law.*—The law's a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird-of-paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

"*Unremitting Kindness.*—'Call that a kind man,' said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!'

"*Yes, unremitting kindness,*' Jerrold replied.  
"*Maternal Instinct.*—One of the most touching instances of the maternal instinct, as it has been called, in children, once came under my notice. A wretched woman with an infant in her arms—mother and child in very tatters—solicited the alms of a nursery-maid passing with a child clothed in the most luxurious manner, hugging a wax-doll. The mother followed the girl, begging for relief, 'to get bread for her child;' whilst the child itself, gazing at the treasure in the arms of the baby of prosperity, cried, 'Mammy, when will you buy me a doll!'

"*A Careless Housemaid.*—That girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it.

"*An Ugly Dog.*—Jerrold had a favourite dog, that followed him everywhere. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing, turned round, and said audibly, 'What an ugly little brute!' whereupon Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied, 'O, madam! I wonder what he thinks about us at this moment!'

"*Damped Ardour.*—Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said, 'But a shower of rain came on, and washed all the Greece out of us.'

"*The Philanthropist.*—Jerrold hated the cant of philanthropy, and writhed whenever he was called a philanthropist in print. On one occasion, when he found himself so described, he exclaimed, 'Zounds, it tempts a man to kill a child, to get rid of the reputation!'

"*An Attorney's Last Hope.*—A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, 'Have you heard about poor R—?' His

business is going to the devil.'—*Jerrold.* 'That's all right; then he is sure to get it back again.'

"*Ugly Trades.*—The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

"*The Reason Why.*—One evening at the Museum Club a member very ostentatiously said, in a loud voice, 'Isn't it strange, we had no fish at the marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately. I can't account for it.'—'Nor I,' replied Jerrold, 'unless they ate it all up-stairs.'

"*A Favourite Air.*—At a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. 'That song,' exclaimed an enthusiastic member, 'always carries me away when I hear it.'—*Jerrold* (looking eagerly round the table). 'Can anybody whistle it?'

"*Man's Account with Woman.*—Look here; you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us the original garden. We talk as philosophers; and when all is said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we have a swinging balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for.

"*A Base One.*—A friend was one day reading to Jerrold an account of a case in which a person named Ure was reproached with having suddenly jilted a young lady to whom he was engaged. 'Ure seems to have turned out to be a base 'un,' said Jerrold.

"*Cup and Saucer.*—A gentleman, who was remarkable at once for bacchanalian devotion and remarkably large and starting eyes, was one evening the subject of conversation. The question appeared to be, whether the gentleman in question wore upon his face any signs of his excesses.—'I think so,' said Jerrold; 'I always know when he has been in his cups by the state of his saucers.'

#### NEW NOVELS.

"*The Cruellest Wrong of All.* By the Author of 'Marguerite; or, Prejudice at Home.' (Smith, Elder & Co.)—This is a possible story told in an improbable manner. The main incident seems to be a fact that has actually come within the author's knowledge, but it is a case in which the real circumstances could alone have fitted the story. The author has turned aside from all the points of dramatic interest to give pages and pages of high-flown dialogue, which would be very like nonsense if there did not shine through indications of a meaning lying in the author's mind beyond her power to utter; this redeems it, and gives a certain pathetic interest to the crude story and the vague, passionate, misty writing, contrasting as it does the inadequate result with the conception the author had of what she wished to make of it. There is no idleness, no slovenliness, no wish to spare her own labour,—but a struggling, painstaking effort to do her utmost. She has been baffled, not by want of talent, but by her want of mechanical skill and mastery over the materials with which she works; they are not obedient to her will,—but that will come with time and patience. The first thing she needs is simplicity. She can describe what she has seen with her own eyes, not the outward form and surface alone, but the inward meaning,—this is a high quality: the author evidently loves to deal with stormy emotions, but the facts that underlie them require to be carefully drawn to keep the emotions to their true shape. The authoress appears too much inclined to undervalue everything but her own sensations and emotions; in writing fiction, an author ought to enter into the interests and feelings of those he is writing about, or he cannot produce the result he would desire. 'The Cruellest Wrong of All' turns upon the wrong that a gifted, but extremely worthless, man does to a young girl in winning her affection out of sheer idleness and vanity,—then leaving her and boasting of his success and sneering away her reputation, though the young woman has been perfectly irreproachable, and there has not even been anything clandestine, for we are told that both father and mother sanctioned the attachment; but unluckily



the story is so ill told and ill managed that the facts do not stand out distinctly as they should from the emotions to which they give rise. The story ends in as helpless a manner as can be imagined; everything is misty and indefinite, nothing clearly made out. The early history of Teresa's mother, which lies at the root of all the mischief and is the corner-stone of the story, is left vague,—and the lady herself, although a victim, excites little interest and a very limited sympathy, she is so entirely helpless; when the crisis comes, she tells a distinct falsehood, the only positive voluntary thing she seems to have done in her life. Incompleteness is the prevailing characteristic of this work. The reader has not even the satisfaction of knowing what becomes of Mr. Forster, the worthless hero, and the cause of so much woe. The incident of the old Scotch doctor and his wife, which brings about all the *dénouement* there is, is so ill worked out that nothing but the improbability strikes the reader. It is from no ill-nature that we have dwelt upon the faults of construction and execution in this book, but from a feeling that the author has the power to work herself free from them, and to do something that shall be equal to her intention. She has not yet come to the maturity of her powers, and her faults are the awkwardness of an unformed and growing state rather than final defects.

*Violet Bank and its Innates.* 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)—This is the work of a beginner. There is a pleasant freshness and a belief in the truth of what is narrated that is seldom seen after a first work. On the other hand, there is an overgrowth of small details, and secondary incidents which hampers the main story and takes up the space that ought to have been accorded to its development. Some of the characters, after being rather elaborately described and allowed to talk at great length, fall away like knotless threads. Aunt Petersen is one of these. She comes in like a good fairy, as from the clouds; relieves Grace of all her economical embarrassments; and then is allowed to die in two lines,—apparently for no other purpose than to leave her friend and companion "Vick" with a fortune which changes into a lawsuit, to be a further burden on Grace. The first few chapters are the best; and the character of Dr. Mansell is extremely well drawn, and it is true to the life; but it would have been better to give some of his antecedents, and to have made the reader clearly understand who he is and what he has done. The sister Lucilla is a myth; and the "dapper man"—who afterwards appears as her husband and the doctor's Nemesis—has nothing real about him. There is a want of workmanlike skill in the management of all the incidents connected with the forgery of the cheque. Women do not understand banking business; and if they insist on introducing positive incidents out of practical business life into their novels, they should, at least, apply to some competent person to keep them from going egregiously wrong in matters of fact. The whole forgery, which brings about the *dénouement*, is as badly managed as it can be. The character of Sylvia is well conceived, but not so well brought out. There are many faults we could find, if we were disposed; but there is a promise of better things in 'Violet Bank'; and though it falls provokingly short of what the beginning led us to hope, it is still a pleasant book, written in a pleasant spirit, and with indications of ability, which will become more sustained, and grow into a more shapely form with exercise and time.

*Sir Guy d'Esterre.* By Selina Bunbury. 2 vols. (Routledge & Co.)—To have a historical novel in two volumes instead of three, is a matter for thankfulness; nevertheless, a historical novel of the time of Elizabeth, on the groundwork of the tragedy of the Earl of Essex, would daunt the ardour of even adventurous readers. We can however tell them, for their comfort, that the human interest preponderates over the historical, and that a pleasant novelty is introduced by making the chief part of the story lie in Ireland; but the story would have been much prettier if it had not been encumbered by the politics, and schemes, and forestalled conclusions of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The

fortunes and misfortunes of the two heroines are as interesting as those of most of the sisterhood; and the reader is thankful that the small venture of private interest escapes the wreck which the muse of history sternly exacts as the price of allowing the more noble personages to figure in the pages of a novel. 'Sir Guy d'Esterre' is not a book to take up lazily or languidly—it requires a certain courage and determination to commence it; but the reader who does so will find himself not altogether unrewarded for the exertion.

*William and James, or the Revolution of 1688. A Historical Tale, in which the Leading and Principal Events of that Interesting Period of our History, viz., 1688-9 are Faithfully and Truly Narrated.* By a Lady. (Dublin, Curry & Co.; London, Wertheim & Co.)—This title-page reads like a parody on the Orange toast—"to the glorious, pious and immortal memory,"—it fairly takes away one's breath, but then it also saves us the trouble of telling what the book is about. The Preface, which, next to the title-page and list of subscribers, seems the most important part of the book, tells us that "this work designed at first for private circulation, but laid before the public by the advice of friends of the author, who solicits as a young beginner entering on the paths of literature their kind indulgence, is intended to bring under the notice of the reader historical facts," &c. The author piously hopes, in conclusion, "that the time spent in the perusal of its pages may be expended with advantage both as regards this life and eternity." All we have to say to this is, first, that the author has no business at all in the paths of literature, and the sooner she retires from them the better; and, secondly, that the book is great trash and foolishness (King William is made to fight a single combat with one of the heroes); and readers of this "historical tale" will most assuredly be losing their time in this world, and we greatly doubt whether it will be set down to their credit in eternity. The friends of the lady, whose names figure in the subscription list, would have done her more kindness if they had paid her the money to hold her tongue.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Animal and Vegetable Substances used in the Arts and Manufactures.* By Thomas G. Dexter. (Groombridge & Sons.)—The value of natural history as a branch of education depends on its training the observing faculties of those taught. It is therefore quite useless to attempt to teach natural history by books alone. Wherever it is introduced into schools it should be accompanied by the use of specimens. Although the objects of natural history are common enough, it requires a very superior knowledge on the part of the teacher to select and use these skillfully. Hence the importance of collections systematically arranged and adapted to the purposes of teaching. Such collections of animal and vegetable substances used in the arts and manufactures have been made by Mr. Dexter. They can be seen by any one interested in this subject in the Educational division of the South Kensington Museum, and this little book has been written by Mr. Dexter to accompany his cabinets and specimens. It consists of a brief account of the nature and uses of the substances of which specimens are contained in the cabinet. These descriptions may be used either by the pupil or teacher with the specimen in hand, and the employment of such a book might be well made a part of the education of every child. In many instances the pupil would be instructed in the nature and uses of materials, in the sale or manufacture of which he might be employed in after life. In every case such information could not fail to be useful, but above all it would be giving a definite training to the observing faculties of the mind. It would teach distrust of mere superficial observation, and often lay the foundation of tastes and tendencies which might lead to future discoveries. In the arrangement of the specimens we should have preferred the adoption of a natural history classification, and the giving the scientific names of the objects to the plan pursued by Mr. Dexter. A most important element in natural history studies is classification; and

whilst the pupil is interested with the object presented to him, he may be insensibly drawn by means of a natural system of classification to make those comparisons and distinctions which are the foundation of all real knowledge.

*Voices from the Rocks; or, Proofs of the Existence of Man during the Palæozoic or most ancient Period of the Earth.* (Judd & Glass.)—These "voices" are false voices, and the author's proofs are no proofs at all. If we wanted a justification of this statement we might find it in the first sentence of the book. The author modestly says—"The work now offered to the public consists of an attempt to show that the leading theories of geology as at present taught by its professors, are fundamentally erroneous." Believing that the author of this work himself would have been unable to concoct his ridiculous theories without taking for granted the history of the world "as at present taught" by the professors of geology, we recommend our readers to the study of Lyell, Sedgwick, Murchison, Page, and Miller, in preference to the anonymous nonsense of these 'Voices from the Rocks.'

*Hardy and Hunter: a Boy's own Story.* By Mrs. Ward. (Routledge & Co.)—The adventures of Hardy and Hunter in South Africa, will remind "our boys" of Capt. Reid's tales, with the addition of a liberal species of cunning, daring and excitement. There are peaceful scenes of colonial skill and industry, ferocious slayings among the Kaffirs, together with buffalo hunting, lion killing and cattle lifting, so that what with monkeys chattering, oxen clattering, hail-stones pattering, missionaries preaching, savages screeching, good wives teaching, Kaffirs "doing" peace, men suing and lovers wooing,—to say nothing of burning, turning, churning, yelling, felling, selling, hiding, riding, shooting, hooting, tilling and killing,—the little people will find their breath taken away in following the fortunes of the young colonists.

*The Christmas Mummings.* By the Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' (Mozley.)—The 'Christmas Mummings' is an attempt to inculcate the necessity of guarding against the first false step; but it halts palpably, and has but little connexion with the title, except as an introduction to some barbarous rhymes.

*Waugh's Australian Almanac for 1858.* (Sydney, Waugh.)—To judge from this almanac we might believe that the typographical art had made small progress in Australia. The very complete and useful volume published by Mr. Waugh is drittily printed upon questionable paper, and is in that sense a practical proof that Australia is not always obedient when the legend on her coat of arms exhorts her to "advance." In other respects the almanac is excellent, a mass of varied and available information being compiled into one view, and so arranged and amplified as to be of interest, not only to the colonists, but to the readers of the English language generally. A short account of New South Wales and its aboriginal inhabitants, prefacing a description of the local establishments, followed by a summary notice of the British possessions in all parts of the world. The usual calendars of official and trade lists and nautical and commercial directions are given, with a social, religious and educational guide to the colony, as well as to its military and police stations, consular offices and post-offices. The entire work has been thoroughly well executed, and it is a pity that it was not produced in a more slightly form, with better type and paper.

The Author of 'The Red Pamphlet,' "one who has served under Sir Charles Napier," has published a second part of *The Mutiny of the Bengal Army: an Historical Narrative*, bearing evident marks of compilation.—Miscellanies of all sizes and colours still multiply upon this absorbing topic, and witnesses rise in clouds in favour of opinions from every quarter of the controversial world. Mr. R. I. R. Campbell, M.P., has issued an address to Parliament, *India: its Government, Misgovernment, and Future considered*.—Sir George Lewis has published his *Speech on the introduction of a bill for the better government of India*.—In a letter to Lord Palmerston "A Plain Speaker" insists upon *Justice for India*.—*Brief Observations on the*





and proceed to the Column of July, where, in the presence of the National Guard and of the people in fraternal union, the inauguration of the great epoch of re-conquered liberty will take place."—(See the *Moniteur* of the 27th of February.) Finally, on the 27th, two decrees were passed, which appeared in the *Moniteur* of the next day, signed in alphabetical order, Albert's name leading the list.—(See the *Moniteur* of the 28th of February.) The unity and equal footing of the eleven members of the Provisional Government being thus officially and indisputably proved by the evidence of the very first days; it now remains for Lord Normanby, or his publishers, to find out what interval was left for the 'four secretaries' to 'creep up little by little.' And this was what I felt bound to disprove, not from any personal feeling, but to correct a historical mis-statement, and more especially to rebut the insulting comments which Lord Normanby was pleased to found upon it, for the obvious purpose of discrediting the Revolution of February in the persons of its representatives. I trust the matter is now definitely settled. I am, &c.,

"LOUIS BLANC."

The following appointments were made at the last meeting of the Council of the Royal College of Preceptors:—Lord Ebury and Sir Roderick Murchison were elected Vice-Patrons; and Dr. Lyon Playfair, Moderator in Science and Art. The Rev. F. Temple, Head Master of Rugby, and the Rev. Dr. Major, Head Master of King's College School, were nominated as Members of the Council. The following gentlemen were added to the list of Examiners of the College:—The Rev. W. Rogers, St. Thomas Charterhouse; Profs. Miller, Tennant, and Stevenard, of King's College, London; and Profs. Masson, Christmas, Hoppus, and Arrivabene, of University College; Dr. L. Loewe was appointed Examiner for Oriental Languages; Dr. Lankester and Mr. Isbister, for Natural History; Dr. Rimbault, for Music; and Dr. T. S. Baynes, for Moral and Political Philosophy.

A Professor of the University of Berlin wishes the English public to understand that the Messrs. Schlagintweit are not Prussians, but Bavarians, and begs the use of our columns for this service. We appreciate the susceptibility of Berlin on such a subject, and willingly assist in correcting the mistake.

The University of Berlin has to bear a heavy loss. One of its most celebrated members, Prof. Johannes Müller, the physiologist, died suddenly of apoplexy, on the 28th of April, not quite fifty-seven years old. Müller was born at Coblenz, on the 14th of July, 1801, and had been living at Berlin ever since 1833.

The St. Isaac's Church, at St. Petersburg, the building of which has lasted thirty-two years, during which time it has swallowed immense sums, is now completely finished; and the consecration, with the assistance of 900 vocalists, will take place in a very short time. The edifice will contain 6,000 people, and has been lavishly adorned with gold, marble, malachite, and jasper; the pictures are by the hands of Brulow, Bruni, Neff, Bassin, and Steuben.

The friends and admirers of the late Mr. Thomas Tooke, author of 'The History of Prices,' have issued a circular, proposing by subscriptions to raise the necessary amount for endowing a 'Tooke Professorship of Economic Science and Statistics' in King's College, London. Should the subscriptions admit of such a course, they also propose to provide for an annual Tooke prize, of limited amount, in connexion with the Statistical Society of London, to be awarded to the authors of papers read before that Society distinguished for eminent usefulness or original research. 2,000*l.*, it is presumed, will suffice for the contemplated objects,—subscriptions for a considerable part of which sum are stated to have been already promised. The Committee remark, that there is not at present any endowment in the metropolis for the systematic teaching of Economic Science. This we believe to be correct, although, for the honour of the metropolis, it may be mentioned that there are two scholarships in the London University for Political Economy—the "Joseph Hume" and the "Ricardo"

scholarships. Of the propriety, however, of the proposed memorial there can be no doubt.

The entire impression of Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby's work on 'The Block-Books,' with the exception of thirty copies reserved to be distributed among personal friends and the libraries entitled to every publication by act of parliament, was submitted by auction, on Wednesday last, by the author's partner, Mr. Wilkinson, who addressed a crowded auditory in a short and appropriate speech, calling attention to the extreme accuracy of the extensive series of fac-similes from works of such excessive rarity as almost to preclude a chance of ever obtaining the originals. He pointed out that the production was entirely a labour of love and not of profit, for which reason the author had determined not to publish his work in the usual manner at 12 or 15 guineas, but to submit it to public competition, pledging himself, in the event of any copies remaining unsold, that hereafter no copy should be disposed of for less than 10*l.* 10*s.* by him or his representatives. He trusted that the liberality of the gentlemen present would render such a pledge unnecessary, by every copy being purchased, an event he fully anticipated, owing to the very limited number of 215 for sale. The first copy was then put up, and from the casual glance we had of the contents of the three portly tomes, we have no hesitation in saying, the work must be of value to all collectors of early wood-engravings. This was secured for the Royal Library at Windsor for 10*l.* 10*s.* The remaining copies were then speedily disposed of in rotation. The total amount of the 215 copies was 2,047*l.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar-square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN. Admission, from Eight till Seven o'clock, 1*s.*; Catalogues, 1*s.* JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar Square), from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THIS SOCIETY IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Season Tickets, 5*s.* each.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY Modern Artists of the French School IS OPEN to the Public at the French Gallery, 129, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogues, 6*d.* each. Open from 9 to 6 daily.

NOW OPEN, THE SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF MESSRS. DICKINSON'S GALLERIES OF CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS, containing many striking and remarkable novelties.—Admission, 1*s.*—114, New Bond Street.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, and VESUVIUS, EVERY NIGHT (except Saturdays) at 8, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at 3.—Places can be secured, at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, May 13, his CHRISTMAS CAROL. The Reading will commence at Eight o'clock, and will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5*s.*; Area and Galleries, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Unreserved Seats, 1*s.* Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, Publishers, 158, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.—NOW OPEN, until SATURDAY, May 15, Morning, at Three, Evening, at Eight o'clock, GOSWORTHY'S GRAND HISTORICAL PICTURES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.—Prices of Admission: Stall Seats, 3*s.*; Area, 2*s.*; Gallery, 1*s.*

DR. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL AND PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM, 2, Tichborne-street, opposite the Haymarket.—Lectures daily by Dr. Kahn at Three; and by Dr. Sexton at a Quarter past One, on Four, and, 'On Diseases of the Skin,' at Eight. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.—Admission, One Shilling.—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free on receipt of twelve stamps.

## SCIENTIFIC

### SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—April 29.—J. P. Gassiot, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'Observations on the Weather, &c. made during the Great Solar Eclipse, March 15, 1858,' by Mr. E. J. Lowe.—'On the Structure and Functions of the Hairs of the Crustacea,' by Mr. Campbell De Morgan.—'On the Theory of Internal Resistance and of Internal Friction in Fluids, &c.,' by Mr. R. Moon.—'On the Measurement of Gases by Analysis,' by Messrs. Williamson and Russell.

GEOLOGICAL.—April 28.—Prof. Phillips, President, in the chair.—Messrs. J. Powrie, M. Huish,

H. D. M. Spence, and P. Jeffcock, were elected Fellows. The following communications were read:—'On some Fossil Plants from Madeira,' by C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq.—'On a Section of a part of the Fifeshire Coast,' by the Rev. T. Brown.—'On the Lower Carboniferous Coal-measures of British America,' by J. W. Dawson, LL.D.—'On the Structure of *Stigmara ficoides*,' by E. W. Binney, Esq.—'On a New Fossil Fern from Worcestershire,' by John Morris, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 29.—J. Hunter, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The President's nomination of Sir John P. Boileau, Bart., as one of the Vice-Presidents was read.—The Secretary communicated 'A Note on a Fragment of a Distaff discovered by him in the Grave of an Anglo-Saxon Woman, at Wingham, Kent.'—Sir Henry Ellis communicated 'A Transcript from a MS. in the British Museum written by the Earl of Coningsby, describing the State of Parties in the Reign of Queen Anne,' a portion of which was read.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—April 28.—T. J. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Gunston exhibited a curious spike-shaped instrument of dark-coloured slate found in Galway, and conjectured to have been for forming decorations on ancient pottery.—Mr. Turner exhibited a bellarmine of the time of James the First, found together with coins of Hadrian and Valens on excavating in King's Place, Southwark.—Mr. Wright exhibited a collection of Maunday money from the reign of Charles the Second to the present time. Also a quarter guinea of George the First in fine state.—Mr. Leuchars presented Scottish coins of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, minted at Edinburgh and of the reign of James the Second to James the Fifth, inclusive.—Mr. Sheppard sent a drawing of a vase of red terra-cotta, discovered in an ancient interment in July last at Bathwick. The remains of a wooden coffin, skeleton, &c. accompanied it.—Mr. Elliott exhibited a fine Roman intaglio in cornelian,—the subject a cirrus, with the meta, quadriga, &c. The letters LICKI on the field.—Mr. Clarke exhibited three curious seals found in Suffolk. One was of the fourteenth century.—Mr. Bateman sent drawings of a fine eyed spear-head 15 inches long, ancient British, found with a full socketed celt, at Middleham, in Yorkshire.—Mr. Syer Cuming read 'Notes Relating to the Late Discovery at Malden, in Kent.' He contends for coins belonging to the ancient British period, in which view he is supported by Mr. Bateman.—Mr. Corner exhibited a remarkable specimen of Roman flower vase, found in Southwark, and Mr. Lynch portions similar found in London.—Mr. Cuming described the ornamentation with great precision, and remarked upon the great rarity of such examples.—The remainder of the evening was occupied in the reading and discussion of 'An Account drawn up by Mr. Cuming on the Recent Forgeries in Lead.' These are figures reported to have been obtained from the Thames, and called Pilgrims' signs. They are being offered, not only in London, but throughout the country, and antiquaries should be upon their guard in the purchase of them. Mr. Cuming had inspected no less than 800; Mr. Planché had seen a great number, but the aggregate is stated to be not less than 12,000! The whole are proved to be of recent fabrication, though assuming to belong to the fourteenth century. Bishops are equipped with mitres of three distinct fashions, forms known to have been used from the twelfth century to later time. The military figures are as absurd as the ecclesiastical. They appear to have been made in chalk moulds, the graving tools being nails and penknives. They have been steeped in a strong acid and smeared over with Thames mud. It is to be lamented that there are no legal means of punishing so gross an attempt at deception and extortion.

ZOOLOGICAL.—April 27.—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Slater read the second part of 'A Synopsis of the American Ant-Birds (Formicariidae),' containing the Formicivora or ant wrens, the second subfamily, according to his arrangement, of the group. The members of

this section enumerated amounted to sixty-eight in number, divided into ten genera. Among these species were four considered to be undescribed, which were characterized under the names *Myrmotherula multiostrata*, *M. cinereigularis*, *Uromacra nigricans* and *Pyrrhula maculicaudis*.—The Secretary read 'Descriptions of some New Pinne and of a New Oniscia, from the Collection of Mr. Cuming,' by Mr. Sylvanus Stanley; and 'Descriptions of Ten new species of Bulimus, from the same Collection,' by Dr. L. Pfeiffer.—Dr. Gray made some additional observations on the genus *Furcella*. He also read a paper 'On a New Genus and some New Species of Uropeltidae, in the Collection of the British Museum.' The new species were characterized under the following names, — *Siloboura Elliotti*, *S. Ceylonicus*, *Morina Templetonii*, *M. unimaculata*, *M. melanogaster* and *Mandaria Jerdonii*.—Dr. Gray likewise read a paper 'On Carpentaria, a new form of Animal intermediate between Rhizopods and Porifera, or a Sponge with a foraminated many-celled Shelly Case.'—Dr. Gray read a 'Note on the Egg of the Morak, *Cusarius Bennettii*,' which was exhibited to the meeting by Mr. S. Stevens.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Annual Meeting.—May 1.**—The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., in the chair.—The Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors was read and adopted.—The statement of sums received shows a steady and gradual increase in the yearly income. The amount of annual contributions for 1857 amounted to 2,006*l.* 11*s.*, being more than had been received in any previous year; while the receipts from subscriptions to lectures (761*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*) were greater than in any of the three preceding years, or than the average receipt from that source in the last ten years.—During the last ten years, the Members and Annual Subscribers have increased from 328 to 427, being an addition of nearly one-third.—On the 31st of December, 1857, the funded property was 25,166*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*; and the balance in the hands of the bankers, 930*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* There were no liabilities.—A list of books presented accompanies the Report, amounting in number to 264 volumes, and making, with those purchased by the managers and patrons, a total of 1,009 volumes (including periodicals) added to the library in the year.—The following gentlemen were unanimously elected as Officers for the ensuing year,—those marked \* being also Vice-Presidents:—*President*, The Duke of Northumberland, K.G.; *Treasurer*, \* William Pole, Esq., M.A.; *Secretary*, \* The Rev. John Barlow, M.A.; *Managers*, \* The Lord Ashburton, W. De la Rue, Esq. Ph.D., G. Dodd, Esq., Sir C. Fellows, \* W. R. Grove, Esq., Sir C. Hamilton, Bart., Sir H. Holland, Bart., H. B. Jones, M.D., \* Sir R. I. Murchison, J. Rennie, Esq., R. P. Roupell, Esq., The Rev. W. Taylor, J. Webster, M.D., \* C. Wheatstone, Esq., and Col. P. J. Yorke; *Visitors*, A. A. Bathurst, Esq. M.P., J. C. Burgoyne, Esq., J. R. F. Burnett, Esq., C. Wentworth Dilke, jun., Esq., W. Gausson, Esq., J. H. Gladstone, Esq. Ph.D., T. Lee, Esq., C. Lyall, Esq., T. N. R. Morson, Esq., Sir E. Pearson, H. Pemberton, Esq., J. R. Rodd, Esq., W. Roxburgh, M.D., J. Skeay, M.D., and J. G. Teed, Esq.

May 3.—W. Pole, Esq. Treas. and V.P. in the chair.—Col. E. F. Grant, F. Hird, Esq., G. Kingsley, M.D., Sir H. C. Paulet, Bart., R. Parris, Esq., Sir C. Taylor, Bart., and C. Welch, Esq., were elected Members.—The following Professors were re-elected.—W. T. Brande, Esq., as Honorary Professor of Chemistry, and J. Tyndall, Esq., as Professor of Natural Philosophy.—The Managers reported, that in their judgment no essay had been received by them within the period of seven years since the last award of the Actonian Prize in 1851, of sufficient merit to entitle the author thereof to the prize of 105*l.*; that, consequently, no prize was awarded this year; and that the 105*l.* intended to have been awarded would, pursuant to the trust-deed, be retained and awarded with another sum of 105*l.* in 1865, of which due notice would be given.—The Managers further reported, that the late R. H. Solly, Esq. had bequeathed by his will 100*l.* to the Royal Institution.

**SOCIETY OF ARTS.—April 28.**—Thomas Sopwith, Esq., in the chair.—The following gentlemen were ballotted for and duly elected Members of the Society:—Messrs. W. Addis, T. J. Ashton, J. R. Cormack, M.D., and J. F. Lewis.—The paper read was 'On the Progress and Present State of British Mining,' by Mr. J. A. Phillips. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Hyde Clark, T. J. Pearsall, T. Scott, C. H. Smith, J. Tennant, C. Varley, Mr. Ninnis and the Chairman took part.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Geographical, 8*—* 'On North-West Australia,' by Mr. Wilson.—'On the State of Human Society in Northern Central Africa,' by Dr. Barth.
- Tues.** Syro-Egyptian, 7*—* 'On the Usages and Opinions of the Second Century of our Era,' by Mr. Sharpe.
- Wed.** Institution of Civil Engineers, 8*—*
- Zoological, 2.—Scientific.
  - Royal Institution, 8*—* 'On the History of Italy during the Middle Ages,' by Dr. Lacaita.
- Wed.** Graphic, 8*—*
- Geological, 8*—* 'On Lamination and Cleavage, caused by the Mutual Friction of the Particles of Rocks while in Irregular Motion,' by Mr. Scoope.—'On Jointings, and on the Dolomites near Cork,' by Prof. Harkness.—'On the Glacial Conditions of Canada,' by Prof. Ramsay.
  - Society of Arts, 8*—* 'On Canada, its Productions and Resources,' by Prof. Wilson.
  - British Archaeological Association, 8*—* 'On Ancient Timber Houses in Suffolk,' by Mr. Repton.—'On Ancient Spindles,' by Mr. Cuming.
  - Ethnological, 8*—* 'Remarks on the Migrations of the Human Race,' by Admiral FitzRoy.
- THURS.** Society of Antiquaries, 8*—*
- Fri.** Astronomical, 8*—*
- Royal Institution, 8*—* 'Printing, its Dawn, Day, and Destiny,' by Mr. Bradbury.
  - Asiatic, 8*—* Anniversary.
  - Royal Institution, 8*—* 'On the Vegetable Kingdom in its Relations to the Life of Man,' by Dr. Lankester.

#### FINE ARTS

##### ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. H. O'Neil, though not generally very manly or forcible, has contributed this year "*Eastward Ho!*" (No. 384), one of the best pictures in the Exhibition, after the two or three indisputable leaders. It is a picture of simple pathos and truth that will bear an hour's perusal, though it is simply the huge black side of a transport vessel, bound with troops for India,—the soldiers' wives, sweethearts, and friends descending for the last time the accommodation-ladder,—the soldiers' faces, glad, ribald, tearful, or hearty, just appearing above the vessel's bulwarks, at the right-hand top corner of the picture. The classes of life, the ages, and the stations of the different leave-takers are admirably expressed and contrasted. The centre of all is a poor soldier's widowed mother, whose foot is just on the last step, and who is gazing with vacant, wet eyes, quite abstracted, on the rough boatman with the blue shirt and red braces, who is holding out to her his strong-knitted hand; while, on the other side, with his back to the sorrowing, parting human creatures, is a stolid waterman in a striped Jersey, who is smoking with philosophic, Wellerman indifference. Next up the steps to the heart-broken widow comes a soldier's wife, a poor woman, but decent enough in her red-checkered trailing shawl, neat straw bonnet and blue ribbons,—she carries in her arms heedlessly (for her eyes are strained upward to catch a last look of the dear fellow's face) a child quite unconcerned, much amused by a soldier doll her elder sister is shaking before her eyes. Then comes a little girl in black, the widow's child, waving her handkerchief at her brother; then a pretty-looking girl, perhaps a milliner, in a white muslin gown and pink stripes, whom a young ensign, in red scarf and full regimentals, is kissing as if their lips would never part; her green-stringed bonnet and *petite figure* are very truthful. By her, pushing upward, roughly and self-concentrated, against the downward crowd, in order to shake the medal on his breast at his son, and shout to him to earn a shiner like it, and not disgrace his old father, comes an old pensioner. Behind them all is a cold, insolent-looking lieutenant, cursing the whole affair, and sullenly mad to think the vessel is going to be turned into a mere "lobster pot." Higher up, a brother is carelessly parting with his sister;—and then come the restless, eager, schoolboy faces of the young soldiers. Though in some parts the painting is smooth and dry, nothing can be better than the texture of the ship's side, rough and scaly with tar, and the ironwork red and ochrey with rust. In expression, as well as in the way of telling, the picture is a triumph, and should be engraved. The

grief is wonderfully varied, and is always concentrated, deep, and without self-consciousness. The straining, longing eye of the poor wife and the entranced, heedless sorrow of the widow will live with us many a day.

As for Mr. J. F. Lewis, he must paint with etching-needles, so thready are his coloured tissues, so perfect his embroideries, sometimes a little pinched and dry, and warped and mean, but generally beautifully and matchlessly honest. Mr. Lewis has a sense of humour and of beauty, of drawing and of colour, thoroughly Eastern, new and fresh as a daguerreotype, and fit to produce as evidence. His pictures are, *A Constantinople Flower Girl* (51), a masterpiece of floral detail;—*A Kibab Shop*, *Scutari* (101), a strange latticed den, the shopkeeper sleepily tranquil and heedless. The winking Turk, who looks as if he had been indulging in unholy raki, is full of humour. The goats and pigeons are well drawn and delicate in colour;—*An Arab of the Desert of Sinai* (114), kingly and grave, with his brown bowl of goat's milk;—*Inmate of the Harem, Cairo* (112), a very beautiful slave-girl in a dark blue jacket and red shawl girdle, her eyes dancing with love and fun; and, lastly, *Interior of a Mosque, at Afternoon Prayer* (245). Mr. Lewis reigns in quite a special region of Art. May his shadow never be less!

Mr. F. Stone tells a story this year, and the story is a good and interesting one; the picture is the best he has painted for some years. He calls it *The Missing Boat—Pas de Calais* (204). There is tumult and alarm on the pier and beach, up the hill and on the cliff. Pierre, Jacques, Arnould, one or all are missing. The central group consists of an old man, who cannot see, even with the telescope, and a young, eager fellow who sees the black spot in the white surge even without the glass. To the left are some gesticulating sympathizers getting out a life-boat, and near them stands the betrothed of one of the endangered men, dumb and frozen with terror (unfortunately she is thick at the ankles and blunt about the nose, which heroines should not be),—she stands, moreover, in the stage attitude of despair. All about the picture are beautiful, bare-legged, short-petticoated fisher girls, and to the right a cleverly conceived group of rich and unconcerned people hastening home,—the wife casting back a cold look of slight interest, and the father exulting with his child, that an elder brother is dancing before to amuse. Then there are old women rocking in prayer, and other suitable adjuncts. The figures are not fat and overgrown, and the dramatic pathos of the whole is indisputable.

Mr. Webster is this year, not romping and boisterous as usual, but, on the contrary, sunny, decent, and dismally good, with his small cottage, Exeter Hall Bible-meetings, and with his clean, "o'er gude" cottagers. *Sunday Evening* (119) is such high-pressure goodness, that it makes us feel a complete Cavalier, in all the unloveliness of love-locks, to see such pretty, smiling, unnatural people got together. There is something very unreal about the sunny, old fresh-coloured man in the green smock; about the Anderson-my-Joe gude wife; about the tremendously good husband and the extraordinary matron, who represses the ungaily gaiety of the little laughing child, the only real unacting being there. The red cloth and the coloured patchwork of the cradle give an almost carnal gaiety to the scene; not that the children's faces do not wear that simple, childish innocence of Mr. Webster's stronger days. *Summer* (60), is more in the old good way; in the child riding on the haymaker's back; though the fun, if any, is very quiet. *Grace before Meat* (334) is two tiresome old people—quite sham cottagers—saying grace before dinner. We prefer Mr. Webster's children to his second childhoods.

*The Bribe* (173), Mr. Pickersgill's diploma work, has not much merit. The net value of it is some tinny sham armour, a green dress, and a pretty face. The story—if it can be called so—is taken from a Spanish ballad, which relates how a lady bribes her gaoler, and escapes from prison. The artist shows us a butcherly straddling fellow in armour, looking with stupid earnestness at a tawcaddy full of jewels, while his waxen simpering prisoner, delightfully self-conscious and unalarmed,



is trying the lock with a toy key. This sort of play-work will not do in our blood-sweating days, Mr. Pickersgill, though you do paint green gowns flowingly, and red linings too, and even tolerable streaky armour.

Mr. Horsley's double picture—*Flower Girls—Town and Country* (350)—is a subject of which the contrast is hardly treated with sufficient French vivacity, and is not enough dwelt on. When Mr. Egg painted his Buckingham scenes, he seemed to appreciate the horrors of the death, but not the vicious attractions of the revel. The consequence was, the revel was dull and slow. So it is here. Mr. Horsley's country children are sunny, innocent, and beautiful, because Mr. Horsley loving them, loves to paint them; but the town revellers are not enjoying themselves, and are playing heavy pranks. The thought is good. On one side we see the masqueraders rushing into the ball-room; Pierrot, in yellow-white, and hard-staring mask, leads in a Flora with pink and green striped gown, following a brown and red devil, who beckons them with his red, hooked claws. Over the pair a Folly shakes her bells; while some stolid policemen look approvingly on. At the door-step a tired flower-girl has fallen asleep,—jaded with sin and toil. On the other side—far from gas-flare, and dust, and roar—the country children gather and bind up the flowers destined for the night scene, looking up at you with pretty, half-shy, innocent faces, dappled with sun. The painting, technically speaking, is slippery and unpleasant.

Mr. Grant improves this year; though his figures are too over-fed and stuffy. One of his pictures is *Eugène Beaumarchais refusing to give up his Father's Sword* (367). The red cap, the tri-coloured cockade, the scarves, and uniforms, are made the best of; but the subject is rather French and theatrical. We like better the *Last Trial of Madame Palisay* (460), also requiring a book to be read before it can be understood. The wife of the patient artist has surrendered her wedding-ring for a crowning experiment. There is something touching in the thoughtful, rapt way he prepares to drop it in—something pretty in the way she watches it fall with regret yet content.

Better a thousand times is Mr. Luard's *Nearing Home* (444), which is one of the best painted scenes the war has originated. There is hardly any living artist who can show us such quiet chivalrous gentlemen as Mr. Luard. The scene is the deck of a homeward-bound vessel, in which the chief passenger is an officer of distinction,—still, languid, and listless, with Indian wounds. He is lying on a mattress on deck, in sun-hat and shooting-jacket, for the day is bright and clear; and a sailor-boy, touching his cap, announces the welcome news of land in sight. The officer's wife, with care and watching, bends towards him to see what quickening of the heart-beats the news will cause, or rather, perhaps, so anxious to watch each flush of colour or each growing paleness, as to hardly herself care for the news—glad though it be. An English land-bird settles on the deck to confirm the news, and on this the soldier's languid eyes seem to rest. Over the bulwarks lean some invalid private soldiers, who are straining their eyes to catch sight of the white cliffs; one with his bandaged foot hurries to join them. The worst figure in the picture is the sailor-boy, who is a little stiffened, and has a hard, set face; but the officer himself is quite a Regent Street Bayard,—he looks so gravely resolved on honour, till he dies: such a quiet, chivalrous resolve pervades his features. This is the best picture the Indian war has produced. Mr. Luard's picture *The Girl I left behind me* (242) is not unworthy of the artist, and is instinct with the same clear-headed gentlemanly poetry, though rather unfinished and not so well painted. The picture shows us two sisters listening to the march of a regiment out of the town,—the red coats being reflected in the glass. The eldest sister is thoroughly ladylike, in her fawn-colour dress, striped broad with violet; and to judge by her profile, she must be the belle of the town. Mr. Luard's touch and handling will improve by incessant work: his conception of modern life scarcely needs amendment.

Mr. J. N. Paton's *Bluidy Tryste* (29) is a wonder-

ful painting of a grassy cleft among hills, with figures introduced, which become secondaries. There is a lover in blue and red velvet, flat on his back, and the unlucky lady who has stabbed him in mistaken jealousy, staggering to the bank in a half-swoon of repentance and remorse. The water is a little too tabbied and too much like watered satin,—but the flowers and weeds are given with poetic truth and tenderness. See how the bright green tips of the palm-spreading fern-leaves curl and curve—how the little germander and trefoil leaves spread and recede—how the green padded tree-stumps are hung with faded grass, dry and yellow as dead men's hair. The figures are rather holes in the picture. This is a greenhouse, we feel inclined to say,—so sweep away the dead gardener. Mr. Paton is determined to shock us this year; not content with a murdered man, he gives us his *In Memoriam* (471),—the ladies of Lucknow, pale and praying, a child asleep, &c., kneeling, as the ogre-like Sepoys rush down the steps. We think this picture cruel and in woful bad taste. It should never have been hung.

When a clever man and a humourist tries to be funnier than he is, he sinks into caricature, as Mr. Solomon has done in his *Lion in Love* (558), which indeed is only a version of the old Uncle Toby story. A colonel in full regimentals is on a sofa, doubled up in the agonies of trying to thread a beautiful young lady's needle for her; his closed knees, tip-toe feet, and screwed-up mouth, show his fruitless anxiety. His lap is piled up with coloured worsted, while the malicious beauty, hair à l'Impératrice, turns from her worsted-work frame to watch his struggles. The fun is over-strained and bombastic, because no colonel, unless a fool, would ever have thrown himself into such clownish distortions. How quiet after this seems the fun of the Widow Wadman picture, yet how superior. We like much better his *Flight* (228). Some English ladies are escaping from some Indian massacre. The faces are full of anxiety and apprehension. The Indian shawls and other details are most carefully painted.

Every one longs to see Mr. F. Leighton, the prodigy of one picture, again in his right mind. There are glimpses of returning consciousness in his two pictures of this year—*The Fisherman and the Syren* (501), from Goethe's ballad, the epitome of all the poetry of angling, and his *Scene from Romeo and Juliet* (598), a large lamp-light-coloured bit of Shakespeare, in parts earnest and passionate, and in parts affected and attitudinizing. Old Capulet is a bowing drivelling nobody—Paris is a fine-faced fool, trying a tragic attitude of horror. The colour is deep but bad. The face of dead Juliet is not without a certain tragic beauty; we still, however, have faith in Mr. Leighton's talent, but he must rise up to nature, and paint less ambitiously and more truly.

*The Return of the Prodigal* (536), by Mr. Rankley, is a sound picture: though a little bald and empty in composition, not unpervaded by an earnest religious feeling,—carried, perhaps, a little beyond the sincerity of the painter's mind, for the sake of touching the pious families who affect, and therefore purchase, such moral tableaux. The prodigal, a vagabond sailor-boy, ragged and sorrow-stricken, has flung himself, face hidden, at the feet of a rectorial, stout, benevolent-looking old gentleman in a speckly dressing-gown,—while two sisters or cousins, in black—plain girls, but not without a quiet poetry of expression—look on with no very keenly roused feelings. Behind, on a bald, dull green wall, is the mother's portrait (died broken-hearted, of course), half covered with a curtain. Some red, well brought in, warms up the bald, green wall, which is quite "to let," and some squares of yellow sunset light it. The good old gentleman's hands do not seem quite to know where they may safely touch.—While Mr. Rankley's picture is rather of the dull, good, moral school, Mr. Johnston's is of the dull, bad, stogy race. *The Pressyng* (512) is a false pose plastique, a Poll and my Partner Joe, Black-eyed Susan non-entity, a jumble of the sacque and patch age, with the modern midshipman, and a no-age scarlet-coated waterman. The bride is in a conceited attitude; the struck-down friend behind wriggles

into a position; the sailor in front rushes forward in a way that would make T. P. Cooke blush again; the bridegroom is staring, but unmoved, the officer is grand and unmeaning, the arresting sailor is stupidly and carelessly ferocious. The painting, too, is bad. The sprigged gown of the bride is mere pannel daubed—the reflection of the scarlet coat on the sailor's body overdone and false, the orange handkerchief and blue ribboned hat in the way. Go to, there is no honesty in this thing of paint.

Mr. J. Clark's *Doctor's Visit* (89) is a decided advance, simple and unpretending as the subject is. Merely a consumptive boy, just up for an hour's sunshine, and resting languidly in a chair, propped with pillows—a bottle-nosed doctor, with no sham romance about him, going to feel his pulse, and an old nurse, with evident false hair, intent on knowing his opinion. Oh, the magic of art, to turn this into a domestic poem, touching, tender and true, with little colour, too, and no meretricious adjuncts! This young man will be a pillar of the English school. Who is there living who could express so exquisitely the languid flutter of life in the invalid boy's cheek; the touching, sickly longing, so helpless and so loveable? He had a heart, and not merely a hand, who painted this scene.

Mr. W. C. Thomas improves, though still cold and mistaken in colour; there is a nice contemplative exotic sort of poetry in his *Boccaccio in Naples* (600), though it is only a troubadour sort of man in purple yellow, with his back to a square pillar, playing on the theorbo, with his back to a view of the Bay of Naples. Thought and reflection, however small, always tell in a painting. Mr. Thomas painted this study with an evident prevailing sense of a great mind over him.

Mr. J. H. Thomas's is an admirable picture of the newspaper paragraph kind—*The Presentation of the Crimean Medals* (599). The painting is careful and true, and the portraits are good and minute. It was difficult to paint mere lines of red men. The cloudy, foggy air of London over the Victoria Tower and the Abbey are boldly expressed. The picture is a conscientious one.

Mr. Cope appears in a new semi-landscape aspect in *The Stepping Stones* (94), a rather harsh-coloured disagreeable picture. A girl, with wily coquettish eyes, dressed in red and blue, is standing with feet timidly together on some stepping stones over a mountain river-rapid, irresolute, timorous. A great rawboned flyfisher in a grey shooting jacket with a large yellow fly-rod, who has been wading into the clear deep brown water, offers her aid. She hesitates whether to accept. The painting is dull and unfeeling. The trees are common and without variety. The girl looks more suspicious and brazen than timorous or in love. The water where the foam is, is dry and gritty, the brown deep pools are brown and hard. In fact, the picture is harsh and devoid of tenderness. There is no gradation, no subtlety in the painting.

Mr. Wyburd is fast sinking down to a milliner-painter, a sort of Art-Mantellini: his faces inferior to his ottomans; his expression nowhere, his furniture everywhere. He had better go back to small scenes of detail, and paint them marvellously slow and minutely. Gerard Dow's onion roots and brass pans are still open to him. His *Amy Robart and Janet Foster* (425) is merely a view of a well-painted cushion.

Mr. Dobson gets very dull, mannered and washed out. He gives us no story, passion or depth,—only clean, correct painting and dreary calmness. It is correct, Oriental in look, and that is all. *Hagar and Ishmael sent away* (446) has nothing in it but a striped calabash bottle and some Oriental figures rather tamely treated. As for *The Holy Innocents* (415), it is nothing but the first row of a fresh coloured infant-school, with nothing heavenly about them, or purer or better than in children generally, in spite of flower and branch. The quietism of Mr. Dobson gets tiring and sometimes eminently mannered and stereotyped,—clear colour and an agreeable air of comfortable religion notwithstanding.

Mr. M'Innes, hopelessly smooth and flat in his *Shrine of Santa Fina* (527), good as it is in parts, gives us some really pretty startled tramps'

faces in his *Approach of a Stranger* (231). The greedily-looking beauty of the tramp race is cleverly caught. Mr. Haylar's *Carpenter's Workshop* (195) deserves praise for its minute fidelity and patient attention to drawing. For those rich ones to whom such scenes are unknown, it is as well worth record as Vesuvius with all its white pomp of sulphurous smoke.

Mr. Stanfield this year comes out in full picturesque force, driving his waves before us in green and rolling flocks, foam-maned, like a second Neptune. About his pictures, free, frank and careless as they are, never finished beyond a certain pleasant limit, never intensified to passion, or carried to the tangible point of perfection, there are always fresh air, blue sky, and good rolling whiffs of stormy grey. *Old Holland* (18) is just a pier-head, the foreground properly speckled with red, and the sky a grey breaking one, promising change of weather and rough hours. A better picture is *The Fortress of Savona* (141). The scene is just such a one as Mr. Stanfield, who rejoices in seaward looking mountains, revels in. A vessel in distress is wallowing about to the left in a dark trough of sea, the sky conveniently clearing in a sort of white circle to allow her masts to cut dark against it,—but all beyond brewing black and dangerous. That lee shore, with the buttress slopes green and brown, and the higher cliff snow-edged, is an ugly one, though the blue sky does laugh and brighten over it. In the foreground are a quantity of red and blue men dragging, shoving, and hauling at a boat,—they are going to put off to the vessel's help, with a keen eye for salvage. As for the castle, it looks like a fortified lighthouse. *The Castle of Iachia* (359) is also very characteristic of this vigorous painter,—and *The Hollands Diep—tide making* (497) comes not a whit behind.

Mr. D. Roberts, though not much more finished than usual, looks so; for his pictures have a rich epic tone, a grand comprehensiveness about them, which is expansive and satisfying, after the pedantic niggling of some of our mere geometric architectural painters, who, from want of grasp, are unable to convey any sense of space or massiveness. *The Basilica of San Lorenzo* (159), with its broad blue span of arch, and its ultramarine and vermilion saints, is supposed to vault the remains of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen. How pleasantly that buff colour Mr. Roberts indulges in catches the transverse light that intersects the dome of the baldacchino—how solid and grand are the dappled pillars of pavonazzetto marble—how intricate the strong bays and windings of the roof—how wonderfully implied are the details of the galleries, with their capitals and entablatures! Loftier and grander still is the *High Altar of San Giovanni e Paolo, at Venice* (14), where Bellini is buried, with its side tombs where the saints lie snug tucked up on their carved shelves. How pleasant and full of colour is the pink crimson of the altar carpet—of the kneeling women—of the red trapped priests—of the listening worshippers! How beautifully the blue of the windows pales as it mounts—*ga ira*, this is the majesty and poetry of architecture; *ga ira*, the majesty of Roberts.

We do not much care for Mr. Creswick this year. There is a tame equality and a monotonous tone, which implies debility and want of passion and fire, about his large picture (probably not from nature) of *A Mountain Torrent at Daybreak* (571). To the left of the smash of waters is a great bulwark of tame cliff with a stag on the top, and to the right a ruined castle of the Needpath School. In front, like a gate across the waters, which do not look wet or real, lie some broken fir-trees, almost as long as in nature, but not vigorous,—no lichen bark, no peel or split about them. We like better the *Ford across an English River* (67) with Mr. S. Cooper's Cows, not quite right about the legs, and a real church and village mill.

The Messrs. Linnells—quite a society—are rich and dark and strong this year. First, Mr. J. Linnell's *Shepherds* (502); but better still Mr. J. T. Linnell's *Wheat Field* (458), a rolling yellow sea of corn, a little heavy, dark with shadows here and there, and in the distance a low hill, sun crowned. The trees are rather conventionally treated, every leaf looks of the same shape and colour. There

is a want of study and variety about this artist's painting. Then comes Mr. W. Linnell with his *Hill Country* (476), and *Flowers* (816), by Mr. J. Linnell, jun. But much better than these fresh, rather coarse, mannered landscapes do we like Mr. Hulme's works; he, with Messrs. Fenn, H. Moore, Oakes, Brett and Holliday, stand this year very high. *Near Woking, Surrey* (201), is full of force and deep thoughtful painting. Mr. Shalders, too, has an exquisite bit of Irish scenery, with its grey white misty distance,—*Near Kenmare, Ireland*, (413) he calls it. After the rough cauliflower landscapes—Mr. Witherington's specky chickweed or Mr. Redgrave's small super-refinements, it shows to us like a first view of the Alps, banishing all mean foggy thought of this our narrow penfold.

We do not know whether to class Mr. Hook as a landscape or figure painter, or both. Fresh country lads and fresh green fields he is equally at home with; but this year he shows us *A Coast Boy Gathering Eggs* (453). The scene is a crag at Lundy Island; a boy is being let down by a rope in search of sea-fowl's eggs, a basket of which, blue, green, black-spotted and dirty white, rests on a shelf of rock; the yellow slabs of stone and the distant sea are perfectly painted. The boy has a fine, frank, brave face, and the way his feet feel for the rock is most true. Mr. Hook's other scenes are, an old grandfather playing with a haymaker's child, and a green slope with men coming home from work. A hearty English nature (sometimes a little marred by prettiness) pervades Mr. Hook's pictures, that everybody likes; they make the old feel young, and the young younger.

The lady artists are getting now a powerful body. First comes Mrs. Ward—powerful both in tone and subject. The best picture she has yet painted is *Howard's Farewell to England* (360). The philanthropist is parting with his cottage-tenants at Carlington. He is seated at a cottage-door; his cane hangs at his chair. It is a father parting with his children. The frank kindness of his face is well painted, and so is the awe and respect of the child and the buxom mother. The groom with the saddled horses at the inn-door tells the story of departure excellently—and the closing scene of a good man's life is beautifully hinted in the evening sun going down in a golden haze beyond the old church tower and ancestral trees of Carlington. There is no weak over-refinement in this picture; but it has that healthy interest which will appeal to the religious and unsophisticated mind. Miss R. Solomon's *Behind the Curtain* (1094) is a clever thought wrought out in cold and unripe colours. The story is a Belphegor, in a clown's dress, who stops a moment behind the show curtain to fondle his child lamed by some stage accident. Another actor ties on his beard at the window, and the mother (a queen) watches the sick boy with intense anxiety. A jester's sorrow is always touching.—Miss Mutrie is becoming quite the Rosa Bonheur of azaleas. We hope soon to hail her the queen of landscape. Her flowers get more fleshy and glossy and scented every May. They compose better, they get rounder, they glow and brighten deeper and richer. The deep purples of her *Orchids* (288) are admirable; her foxgloves are a little pale and heavy in colour; her thistle-down has not quite that mellowness towards the centre that the real feather-bed down generally has; but as for the broken snapped grass and the dry threads of bent, it is fairy's work.

**FINE-ART GOSSIP.**—Trafalgar Square promises soon to afford as much variety as some of the old Greek cities, to judge from the pages of Pausanias, used to possess. Dr. Jenner now has taken his seat, as a bronze statue, by the side of the standing military figure of Sir Charles Napier, and occupies, in point of fact, the most honourable place in the whole square, next to the two upper angles, one of which is already occupied by the last George, on horseback. This is as it should be—the saviour before the destroyer of life. The general arrangement of the skirts of this “magnificent site” is very singular. In form it resembles a square arm-chair; the National Gallery terrace forms the back, and the two arms, sloping down

and diminishing in altitude, terminate in two marked points, hitherto lamp-stands; but one, that at the south-east angle, has been turned into sitting Jenner. Who will occupy the corresponding point of honour—will it be Harvey?

Mr. Theed's statue of Burke has just been set up in St. Stephen's Hall. It is one of the finest and manliest in our modern Walhalla. The sculptor has planted his figure firmly, one foot thrown a little before the other, the arms crossing the chest, the fore-finger being raised in the oratorical denunciatory manner, while the other hand, holding a scroll, rests against his side. The broad, buttoned cuffs and other rigid parts of the old costume are well treated, much relieved by the flow and ripple of a cloak that hangs over one shoulder. There is a frank dignity about this figure which is impressive.

An historical picture by the Belgian painter, Henri Leys, of Antwerp, is, by the liberality of the owner, deposited for temporary exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, in accordance with the excellent practice of receiving works of Art on loan, first inaugurated at Marlborough House. The picture represents Mary of Burgundy giving alms to the widows and orphans of the Burgesses of Bruges, and is one of the finest pictures the modern Flemish school has yet produced.

An improvement has been devised at Hampton Court Palace in the display of the Raphael Cartoons. They are all to be lowered to the level of the eye, and this will be a great boon, since notoriously in apartments built at the period of this portion of the palace, all the upper two-thirds of the walls are in perpetual gloom. The excellent devices instituted last year for the removal of the cartoons in case of fire we duly recorded.

A collection of water-colour drawings, the property of the Earl of Harewood, was dispersed, on Saturday last, under the hammer of Messrs. Christie & Manson. We particularly note the following:—A Waterfall, in a rocky ravine, upright, the rocking-stone and a view of Harewood Castle, Yorkshire, by Girtin, 48½ guineas.—A View of Snowdon, with clouds hanging over the foot of the mountain, a river in the foreground, by the same artist, 45 guineas.—A Ruined Abbey, with cottages and a bridge, and a distant view of Harewood Park, by the same, 40 guineas.—Belgalliaert, a river scene, a small cabinet picture, and Guisborough Priory, by the same, 55½ guineas.—A Landscape, with a village church, and cattle on a road, by De Wint, 26 guineas.—And a Cornfield, by the same artist, 103 guineas.—Windsor Castle, from the Thames, by W. Havell, and Kilgarran Castle, on the Twy, Cardiganshire, by the same, 48 guineas.—Windsor Castle and Eton College Chapel, with cattle in the foreground, by Sir Augustus Callicott, R.A., 54 guineas.—Six works of Turner, viz.,—A View of Harewood Castle, in his early period, cabinet size, 50 guineas.—Kirkstall Abbey, with the waterfall, same period, 62 guineas.—Westminster Abbey Chapel, north of the choir, 104 guineas.—A Castle on a Height, in Northumberland, above a river in which cows are watering, the original study for his large picture, 104 guineas.—Pembroke Castle, with vessels at anchor, 200 guineas.—A Lake Scene, in the north of Italy, with cattle and many figures, warm afternoon sun, painted in 1802, shortly after he was made a Royal Academician, 265 guineas. The collection realized 1,520l.

The sale of Mr. Falcke's collection has been continued since our last week's notice, without interruption, save on Saturday, which was devoted to the sale of pictures. The following were the leading specimens:—A Feuille de Chou service of Stöves, white, blue and gold, painted with bouquets of flowers, consisting of 114 pieces, divided into 21 lots, 316l. 2s.—Four Carvings, in ivory, in high relief, by Flamingo, consisting of a youth seated, playing on a guitar to four children, who are dancing beneath a tree—a nymph reclining beneath a tree, holding a bowl to a child who is drinking, and three other children struggling at her side—a mother and child reclining beneath a vine, from which a child is gathering grapes, and a faun seated, playing on a pipe—and Silenus reclining, with a nymph presenting a shell, and two children pressing grapes



into a sculptured vase—from the collection of Count Giustiniani of Padua, 600*l.*—A Desert-service of fine old Sevres, white, with green and gold borders, painted with exotic birds in the centres, and bouquets of flowers in medallions in the borders, consisting of 55 pieces, 115*l.* 10*s.*—A Vienna Déjeuner, gros bleu, beautifully ornamented with flowers and foliage in raised gold, of the highest quality, consisting of the usual pieces, 64*l.* 18*s.*—A pair of Altar Candlesticks, of cut rock-crystal, mounted with silver gilt, on circular feet of the same, engraved with fleurs-de-lis and flowers, 18 in. high, 51 guineas.—A fine Italian Tankard, of cut glass, mounted with bands formed of medallions in scroll borders, and masks on shields, the lid chased with marine Cupids and dolphins, the handle chased with a Cupid and mask, surmounted by an arabesque figure, a medallion inserted in the lid, with St. Peter holding a fish, and the Cathedral of Ratisbon, on foot, chased with bosses, 63 in. high, from the Sibthorp collection, 98 guineas.—A handsome shield-shaped Glass, in frame of Dresden porcelain, encrusted with Cupids, scrolls, and flowers, in colours, 54 in. high and 32 wide, 55*l.*—A Venetian Glass and Cover, on open-work stem, supported on a small vase, with handles and cipher, C. C., of Charles, King of Sweden, surmounted by a crown on both sides, and on each side of the handle at the top, 22 in. high, from the collection of Baron Yarta, of Stockholm, 74*l.*—An equestrian figure of a Huntsman, forming a bottle, of ancient silver gilt, on chased oval plinth, 6 in. high, of beautiful old German work, from the Sibthorp collection, 40*l.*—The fourteen days' sale exceeds 12,800*l.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Robinson's First Appearance, TUESDAY, May 11, at 8½. James's Hall, at Half-past Three. Quartet: "God Preserve the Emperor," Havdn; Grand Trio, B. Bal. Op. 97. Solo: "Sole, Quartet in E. Op. 43. Solo: "Sole, Piano-forte, Schubert. "Excelsior," Sainton, Goffie, Blagrove, and Platt. "Paisi." Robinson. Tickets, has a variety each, to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co. and Oliver, Bond Street. Strangers are recommended to the East Balcony for seeing and hearing. 2. ELIA, Director.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,** Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. CONLEY.—On FRIDAY, May 15, will be presented Mendelssohn's *ATHALIE* and Rossini's *STABAT MATER*. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss F. Rowland, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. The illustrative verses of *Athalie* will be recited by Mr. Henry Nicholls. Tickets, 3*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.* each, at the Society's Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

**MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD AND LAST SOIRÉE** will take place at Willis's Rooms, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 13, to commence at Half-past Eight, when Miss A. Goddard will, amongst other pieces, perform Beethoven's Grand Sonata, in B flat, Op. 106.—Reserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Unreserved, 7*s.* 6*d.*; to be had of Miss Goddard, 47, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square; and of the principal Music-sellers.

Herr ADOLPH SCHLOSSER begs to announce that his GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on WEDNESDAY, May 13, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Santley, Piano-forte: Herr Adolph Schlosser. The Orchestra will be complete in every department, and include the most eminent Performers. Conductors, Mr. J. S. H. James. Reserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*; to be had at all the Music-sellers; and of Herr Adolph Schlosser, 50, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W.

Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The FIRST will take place at his Residence, 22, Chesham Place, Belgrave Square, on THURSDAY, May 13, to commence at Three o'clock.—Programme: Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, Beethoven; Fantaisie Chromatique and Fugue, S. Bach; Theme, with Variations in A, Mozart; Sonata in G Minor, Op. 54, No. 3, Clementi; Part II, Sonata in C Minor, Op. 111, Beethoven; Préludes and Dan. les Bois, Heller; Mazurkas and Grande Valse in A flat, Chopin.—Single Tickets, 10*s.* 6*d.* each; and Subscription Tickets for the Series of three Matinees, One Guinea each. To be had at Messrs. Cramer & Beale's, 50, Regent Street; Mr. Oliver's, 91, Old Bond Street; and at Mr. Hallé's residence.

Miss DOLBY and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER beg to announce THREE CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms, on MONDAY AFTERNOONS, May 17 and 21, and MONDAY EVENING, June 14. During the Series there will be assisted by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Sainton, Blagrove, Platt, Paque, Benedict, G. Russell, and Cousins. Subscription to the Series, One Guinea; Admission, to a single Concert, Half-a-Guinea. Tickets for Reserved Seats may be had of Messrs. Cramer & Co., 50, Regent Street; of Miss Dolby, 9, Hyde-street, Manchester; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 70, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde Park.

Mr. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, May 21. Vocalists: Miss Lindo (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public) and Signor Marras; Instrumentalists: Herr Jans, M. Clementi, Herr Goffie, M. Paque, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilars. Admission, to be given to the public, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Reserved Seats, 10*s.* 6*d.*; to be had at the principal Music-sellers and of Mr. Aguilars, 151, Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

Herr BERNHARD MOLIQUE begs to announce that he will give a GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 26. Vocalists: Madame Rudersdorf, Mlle. Leconte, Leconte, and Mr. Santley. Instrumentalists: Mdlle. Anna Molique, Signor Remond, and Herr Molique. Conductors of the Orchestra: Herr Molique and Herr Rudersdorf. Tickets, 10*s.* 6*d.*; to be had of Herr Molique, 30, Harrington Square, and at the principal Music-sellers.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.  
Mr. GYE has the honour to announce that the NEW THEATRE  
WILLOPEN on SATURDAY NEXT, May 15, on which occasion will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, 'Les Huguenots.'

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The second character chosen for Mdlle. Titiens—*Leonora*, in 'Il Trovatore'—will not, we fear, add to her reputation as a vocalist. Grand as are the seven notes of her voice above D, —fearlessly launched and capable of being sustained to any quantity,—these excellent natural qualities will not stand in the stead of accent, phrasing, light and shade, and agility. The lady's short-comings in the two first requisites may be ascribed to her inexperience in Italian music; not so,—want of gradation in tone and of execution. In 'Il Trovatore,' Mdlle. Titiens suffers inevitably from comparison with her play-fellow, Madame Alboni; and, musically, can, in no respect, be admitted to equal her German predecessor in the part on our Italian stage:—we mean Madame Jenny Ney. On the other hand, her acting in the last scenes is by many degrees better than in any portion of her performance in 'Les Huguenots'; and thus, what is wanting in musical finish and delicacy may, perhaps, be redeemed, in the eyes of the public, by the feverish force of her death-scene. The opera is cast as it was last year, with the exception of a new *Count de Luna* in Signor Aldighieri. He is young, has a voice—which has obviously never passed under care of singing master—and not much stage presence. Signor Arditi gains on us as a conductor.—'Fleur des Champs,' a new autumn *divertissement*, in two scenes, for Mdlle. Pocchini—including a fairy-queen, a storm,—and a prize given to the most diligent harvester—is pretty. The music is by M. Nadaud.—'Don Giovanni,' with Mdlle. Titiens as *Donna Anna*, is to be given on Tuesday next.

**CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.**—At *Madame Rudersdorf's Chamber Concert*—the lady presented herself in many styles of music—always, as is her wont, presenting her best. Her concert programme, too, was out of the routine of entertainments,—principally consisting of light chamber-music. The compositions by Signor Randegger, which come within the scope of this epithet, have still a certain life and fancy which place them among the best efforts in Italian music written to-day—for the hour. The singing of Mr. Santley was another attraction. He improves so rapidly and steadily from month to month that, at no distant period, he may take rank among the first-class artists of any time.—Further, we must mention Signor Pezzè, the principal violoncellist at *Herr Maletsky's Theatre*. His tone is sufficient, and though not very powerful, without the trick of trembling, which, it may be hoped, is a fashion on the wane among instrumentalists—his style seems broad and true; his execution is considerable. There can be no question of his value as an acquisition to our chamber concerts—some inexperience in German music allowed for as inevitable to one who is fresh from Italy.

The third Concert of the *Vocal Association* showed anew how clearly marked is the direction of English musical taste and talent. We may not be easily induced to take kindly to the study of instruments (and who can wonder that adverts to the proportions of time and emolument in this branch of Art)—but as a people of part-singers, ere long we may challenge all Europe. The scope, too, offered to composers, and of which Messrs. Hatton, Smart, Leslie, Martin, &c. are now successfully and variously availing themselves, was shown by the working of the chorus in combination with the solo voices of the *Vocal Union*. The conjoint effect in Horsley's 'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue' and Webbe's 'When winds breathe soft' was very fine.—Among the instrumental interludes of the evening were a duet for two pianofortes by Mr. Benedict and Mr. Sloper,—a performance on Alexandre's Pianoforte-Harmonium by M. Engel,—and another, on the violin, by Mdlle. von Wertheim. The lady's choice of a solo was not wise, it being none other than Herr Ernst's tremendous *fantasia* from 'Otello,' which, like the majority of its composer's solo music, utterly

defies any player who is short of the very highest stature. But the lady has obviously worked hard; and was cordially received by her public.

"Poor shivering May," (as the rhymester called her) despite the chill weather, came merrily in at the *Crystal Palace* this day week,—amid anælas, tulips, hydrangeas, gay crowds, and good music in the central transept, which had been newly arranged for the occasion.—Mr. Macfarren's *Cantata* was appropriately performed with Madame Sherrington as May Queen; the other singers at the concert were Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Dolby and Mr. Weiss. M. Sainton played a violin solo, and there was orchestral music. It is obvious, that at immense gatherings like these (the audience, we perceive, numbered upwards of 8,000 persons) the effect of all the music cannot be the same to all the listeners. Galleries will hear one voice the best,—stalls another,—some who lounge on foot will have their ears ravished by the solo player,—while others, differently placed, must content themselves with seeing. There is, however, we are satisfied, a fair amount of musical pleasure for every one at a Concert like Saturday's; albeit quiet people, who sit fast from A to Z at a party of pleasure—who look daggers if a mouse stirs or a dowager drops a whisper of scandal while a trill is going on,—had better eschew them as so much "vanity and vexation of spirit."—During this week the dozen *Swedish Singers*, who seem to represent "wild music" during the season, have been singing at Sydenham.—To-day the great meeting of the school-singing children will take place.

The week has been a very busy one; beginning with a concert of the *Amateur Society*,—also one of Dr. Wyld's series, at which Signor Andreoli played a *Concerto* by Mozart.—Then there has been Chamber Music, by Mr. H. Blagrove,—Mr. C. Salaman's Lecture-concert on Beethoven; and on Wednesday evening the first of *Herr Pauer's Soirées*. This last claims some detail in right of its superior interest. Our value for the playing of the concert-giver need not be repeated: of course, as host, he did his best. But we have not yet said enough in recognition of the consummate violin-playing of Herr Joachim; now wrought up to a point of perfection which sets it apart from that of any contemporary with whose "craft" we are acquainted. He seems to combine the greatest qualities of Herr Ernst and M. Vieuxtemps—dignity, passion and accent, that is, with tone and certainty of execution—to have attained triumphant mastery over everything that can be written for his instrument. Further, Herr Pauer must be sincerely thanked for giving us power to choose or refuse the *Trio* by Schumann in D minor, which as music was strange to us—strange music—to play with the word—with which we desire no nearer acquaintance. The best movement (as not unfrequently happens) is the *Scherzo*; perhaps because there the sharpness of rhythm makes indispensable a clearness, from which Schumann seems to have taken a pride in escaping—even on the occasions (not numerous with him) when his first idea was marked and suggestive. For instance, in this very *Trio*, the theme of the *finale* strikes by its pomp and spirit. Never, however, were spirit and pomp so vexatiously flung away—the movement is so clogged, weighted and thickened as it proceeds as to become more inexpressive and tiresome than many an old fugue built on the meanest of subjects. This *Trio* is not "that other" work of Schumann of which we have always been hearing,—and which is to establish him among the great German composers in our estimation. Herr Pauer was excellently assisted by his wife. The *Cantique*, written by M. Gounod for M. Bataille—and with English words adapted to it,—was finely sung by Mr. Santley, and successful. It is a noble and original sacred melody excellently adapted for the voice.

The length at which we have dwelt on these novelties of the week makes only a line fall to the lot of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*,—by whose members Mendelssohn's 'Athalie' and Rossini's 'Stabat' were performed on Wednesday.—The illustrative verse was recited by Mr. H. Nicholls.

**STRAND.**—The new comedy has given way to a revival; and its place is now filled with Mr. C. Dance's meritorious drama of 'The Country Squire.'

Mr. Emery is starring in the part, and assuredly "fills it up with great ability." We shall be happy to see this actor resume his place on the boards. He has some peculiarities which are decidedly available for special characters like the present; and his general style is so good that public taste stands in no danger of being vitiated by his example. A new farce, by Messrs. Harrington and Yates, has been lately produced, entitled 'Your Likeness, Only One Shilling.'—A bankrupt tailor turns photographer, and has for his sitter an old lady ignorant of the process, who is, consequently, in a great state of alarm at every step. Mr. Charles Young and Mrs. Selby have to support this ludicrous situation, and extort, by the force of caricature, the laughter of the audience. The trifle has succeeded—"after its kind."

**ADELPHI.**—The dramatic opera of 'Guy Ranning' was produced on Wednesday, with Miss Roden and Mr. Rolfe as the singers, and Madame Celeste as the Gipsy Queen. This, of course, was the main point of attraction; and we must acknowledge that the fine melo-dramatic action, which is, as it were, native to this actress, told with strong effect on the leading situations, and excited considerable enthusiasm in the audience. Madame Celeste had to contend in these with our recollections of Miss Cushman; and it is to her credit that she passed the ordeal not only fairly, but in some points triumphantly. She rose frequently into grandeur and dignity on the strength of her devotion to the heir of an ancient house; and was pathetic rather than ghastly in her supernaturalism. Her success, in a word, was legitimate, and in accordance with the mind of the author, rather than capriciously dictated by the self-determination of her own. She was ably supported by Mr. Webster, whose *Dandie Dinmont* was especially genial, and exceedingly vigorous.

**STANDARD.**—The star-engagement of Mr. Phelps at this house has been seriously interfered with by the continued indisposition of the tragedian, who has for the last fortnight been dangerously ill. Mr. Henry Marston has, accordingly, been engaged in his place, and has sustained the parts of *Macbeth*, *Virginia*, and *Leontes* in 'The Winter's Tale,' with decided success. It is seldom that this meritorious actor has an opportunity of appearing in the leading characters of Shakspeare; but he never fails on such occasions to show that he is equal to the extraordinary task imposed upon him. His picturesque and classical style suffices to carry him through, not only safely, but most successfully. He is a favourite with the audience, and constantly honoured with repeated calls before the curtain.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—We are requested by a circular from the committee of management of the Royal Academy of Music, to insert the following paragraph,—which we presume is intended to go the round of the papers.—

*Royal Academy of Music.*—Her most gracious Majesty, who takes the greatest interest in this valuable institution, has most kindly intimated to the Earl of Westmoreland her command that a grand evening concert be given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday the 23rd of June, at which the Queen and Prince Albert will be present. A committee will be formed to issue vouchers for the centre of the hall, which will be occupied by the Royal visitors. The organization of the programme, to render it worthy of such an occasion, will be carefully attended to. Not only will the past and present students, the former comprising the most eminent professors, vocal and instrumental, assist, but the co-operation of the leading artists, native and foreign, will be called into play. Mr. Costa will be the conductor. On this paragraph (by which our last week's notice is corrected as to date) we must offer a word of comment regarding "the value" of the institution so coolly assumed as a reason why year after year Royalty should give the solitary direct countenance to Music which in England is afforded to the art by those in high station.—Less "valuable," we must again and again repeat, an Academy of Music existing in London could not be than ours. It is null and void in its fruits, because radically defective in its organization. A "valuable" institution would show something different from the list of professors which figures on the printed circular, forwarded to us with the above slip, and, as such, open to discussion. We could not,

however, go through this list *seriatim* without giving pain to many persons who, let them be ever so inefficient, let them be ever so useful, as examples of what musical exccutants should not do,—merit private consideration. But without tithing the list severely,—without naming a name,—without saying in what department we conceive it strongest or weakest, we deliberately assert that a quarter of a hundred among the seventy-five teachers pompously announced to teach are unworthy of such occupation,—more, that a good proportion of the said five-and-twenty are utterly unknown to the public—most, that some are themselves in a state of pupillage!—and this, while some of the greatest European professors and performers residing here are without any place or function in our "valuable" educational establishment.—One total blank in the record may be specified without wounding the feelings of any one. We might forgive the absence in an English college of a German or a French professor, though the music of both countries is tolerably often allotted to English singers,—but what can be said of an Academy of Music in England without "a professor of English declamation"?—No wonder that for the last twenty years (we speak advisedly) our "valuable institution" has not sent forth a solitary pupil who can deliver a recitative by Handel, with a pure, or even an audible pronunciation,—apart from high poetical conception. We have singled out this point because we can do so without personality,—not because it is the solitary deficiency which makes the epithet "valuable," as applied to the Academy, too comical to pass without comment. When such puffs and programmes as the above are going round we cannot help again saying that it would be wise and protecting were a commission convened to examine what the real results of our Academy of Music for the last quarter of a century have been—and to receive suggestions for its reconstruction.

By advertisement it appears that "the Italian Opera for the People," which is to begin next Monday at Drury Lane, will not be "manned and womaned" precisely as was announced by us. Madame Gassier is not in Mr. Smith's list of ladies,—Madame Rudersdorff is. The duty of *tenore primo* will be shared with Mr. C. Braham by another Englishman—Mr. George Perren. Signor Badiali is to be baritone. The "fillings up" are principally to be derived from the company which appeared at the *St. James's Theatre* early in the winter. Signor Vianesi is to be the conductor.—The first opera is to be 'Il Trovatore.'

Madame Szavary begins her series of musical *Matinées* on Monday next,—M. Halle his, on Thursday.—Herr Molique will bring forward two new compositions of importance at his orchestral concert on Whit-Wednesday.

Musical travellers thinking of Germany during this month and the next may like to be reminded how easy of reach is Prague by the railroad,—also that considerable celebrations are projected to take place in the Bohemian capital during the month of June,—on the anniversary of the establishment of the music school there.

The name of Bach seems coming forward in Germany just now,—not merely in the disinterment and revival of compositions by Sebastian the Great, but also as represented by the works of Bach's children. The St. Cecilia Society of Carlsruhe, executed at its fourth concert 'The Israelites in the Desert,' by P. Emmanuel Bach, of Berlin, arranged and re-scored by M. H. Giehne. This Emmanuel was the most worthy son of a worthy sire, because no servile imitator of his manner; as all must feel who have gone through his 'Art of Playing the Piano-forte.' In this the amount of prophecy of what has been falsely considered modern discovery is remarkable. Emmanuel Bach wrote voluminously in every style, and musical readers may recollect the visit paid to him at Hamburg by Burney, who was one of his warmest admirers, and who thought he was too much neglected in Germany. The few compositions by Emmanuel Bach which we have heard have left an impression of grace and absence of stiffness (without poverty in the matter of science) which would make a hearing of some of his important music interesting. The other day, too, we

observe that a *Concerto* by Friedemann Bach was brought forward at a concert given by the Society of Artists-Musicians at Berlin.

M. Ole Bull the original,—who seems to try and tire of every country in turn, having left his Norwegian colony in America, where he was understood to have settled himself after the fashion of Shelley's "for ever,"—has turned up, violin in hand, at Vienna. So far as we can understand, his playing has pleased less than it did when its eccentricities were young.—Some new and important compositions by that more genuine musician from the far North—M. Gade—are announced as about to be produced at Copenhagen;—the text to one of these is, as it should be, by M. Anderson.

The Paris obituary of the week contains the name of one famous in her day—"divine Bigottini," who, as rival to "sweet Fanny Bias," was a dancer sparkling on the French Opera stage some forty years ago. Her name as a summer fly may live encased in the amber-verse of Moore's 'Fudge Family.' The world has not forgotten the enthusiasm of *Miss Biddy*—

But when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels  
Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven,  
Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils  
That hold her, and hug her, and keep her from heaven!  
—Ballet queens in our time, it will be owned, have no such laureates as Moore.

A loss to art has just happened at Berlin in the decease there of Herr Dehn, the Musical Librarian at the Royal Library, to whose thorough acquaintance with his subject, most of those who have lately written on German music have been indebted.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Milton's Rebel Angels.*—With reference to an article, which appeared a few weeks ago in your "Miscellanea," relative to the source of Milton's account of the proceedings of the fallen angels in the early books of 'Paradise Lost,' allow me to suggest that it was derived from the metrical paraphrase of 'The History of the Creation,' by the Pseudo-Cædmon. The history of the pride, rebellion, debates and punishment of Satan and his companions is in this work introduced 'with a resemblance to Milton so remarkable that much of this portion might be almost literally translated by a cento of verses from that great poet.'—Conybeare's Synopsis of Cædmon, in 'Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry,' London, 1826. The plot of this paraphrastic history, in fact, so much resembles that of 'Paradise Lost' that "it has obtained for its author the name of the Saxon Milton."—Wright, 'Biographia Brit. Lit.,' p. 198. That this resemblance was not accidental, but resulted from Milton having borrowed his plot from the Anglo-Saxon poet, may be inferred from the following facts. The manuscript of Cædmon belonging to Junius was published in 1655. About this period, Milton was engaged upon his History of England previous to the Norman Conquest; the publication of Junius would, therefore, doubtless find its way to him. 'Paradise Lost' was first published in 1667, but its composition occupied a number of years—(see 'The Life of Milton' by his Nephew, Edward Philips; Pickering's Edition of 'Milton's Works,' 1826, Vol. I. p. lxii.) We learn, moreover, from Philips, that it was at first intended for a Tragedy; "and in the fourth book of the poem there are six verses, which, several years before the poem was begun, were shown to me and some others as designed for the very beginning of the said Tragedy." These verses commence with what stands as the 32nd line of the 4th book. Now, it will be at once remembered, that the first three Books are occupied with the history of the expulsion of the devil and his angels, their discussions, &c.; and it is precisely this portion of the Anglo-Saxon paraphrase which is so strikingly similar to the 'Paradise Lost.' Can it be supposed that Milton was ignorant of the publication of Junius? And is it not evident that the first three books of the 'Paradise Lost' were an afterthought, entirely induced by the plot of Cædmon's Paraphrase? Oxford, April 28. J. O. WESTWOOD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. J. F.—F. E.—W. D.—H. B.—A. G.—R. C.—G. J. de V.—H.—X. Y. Z.—B. R.—L. H.—R. L.—received.



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